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May 11, 1960

The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 11, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 1

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● It's just as well that American author Jack Finney, whose story "Bedtime Story" is on page 33, has not the slightest leaning towards the world of crime and criminals.

HE has the most amazing imagination, and in several novels (which have been made into films) has produced some of the most incredible plans for robbery or prison escapes.

His "Five Against the House" was a robbery of a gambling house, "House of Numbers" was an ingeniously worked-out plot for an escape from Alcatraz, and his latest, "Assault on a Queen," is the story of a brilliant plan to hold up the Queen Mary in mid-ocean.

In "Bedtime Story" the plot isn't crime, but only Mr. Finney could have thought up such a way of playing a joke on an unsuspecting wife.

★ ★ ★  
OUR Fiction Department says the only thing they don't like about their work is returning manuscripts with rejection slips.

Recently, however, the department was heartened by a letter from Mrs. J. Welch, of Lithgow, N.S.W.

She wrote: "Some years ago I thought up a 'marvellous' story, spent hours slaving to write it, and sent it to you. I was very disappointed to have it returned with a rejection slip.

"I read the story after some years and all I can say is thank you very much for refusing to publish it. It was terrible and I'd have died if I'd read it in print."

★ ★ ★  
LOUISE HUNTER, who advises many teenagers—and older—in Here's Your Answer in Teenagers' Weekly, receives many letters she regretfully has to put aside.

These are from boys and girls who ask her to answer their letters in the next issue.

Production schedules—and the hundreds of letters that arrive each week—simply do not permit this.

## How to book for Fashion Festival

● Here are the arrangements for booking for the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in conjunction with Marigny.

**HOBART:** On May 9, presented by FitzGerald's store, at the City Hall.

Bookings are available at FitzGerald's at 21/-, 10/-, and 5/- each.

Proceeds are in aid of the Crippled Children's Society and Clarendon Children's Home.

**MELBOURNE:** Gala Performance at the Town Hall on May 13. Festival will be presented at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at 6.30 p.m.

Bookings are available at The Auxiliary Office, Queen Victoria Hospital, 172 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, for dinner and festival £5/5/-; gallery (festival only) 5/-.

Proceeds in aid of the Queen Victoria Hospital.

**SYDNEY:** Gala Performance in the Empress Ballroom, Mark Foy's, on May 18. Festival will be presented at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at 6.30 p.m.

Bookings for the Gala are available from the secretary, Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, at £5/5/- each.

A Business Girls' "Coiffure et Couture" Fashion Parade will also be held in Sydney in the Empress Ballroom, Mark Foy's, on May 19, at 6.30 p.m.

Tickets for the Business Girls' Parade are available

from Mark Foy's (ground floor), Paper Sales Department, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., 197 Elizabeth Street, and from the Secretary, Women's Hospital, Crown Street, at 12/6 each.

Proceeds are in aid of Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

**ADELAIDE:** Gala performance at the Town Hall on May 23. Festival will be presented at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at 6.30 p.m.

Bookings are available from the Secretary, Torch Bearer for Legacy, 5 French Street, Adelaide, S.A., for dinner and festival £4/4/-; gallery (festival only) 5/-.

Proceeds are in aid of Torch Bearer for Legacy.

**BRISBANE:** Gala Performance on Friday, May 27. Festival will be presented in Festival Hall at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at 6.30 p.m.

Bookings are available from the Secretary, Committee of The Children's Health Society Appeal, and The Surf Saving Association, 144 Adelaide Street, Brisbane, and the Courier-Mail Office, for dinner and festival £5/-; gallery (for festival only) 10/-.

Proceeds are in aid of above charities.

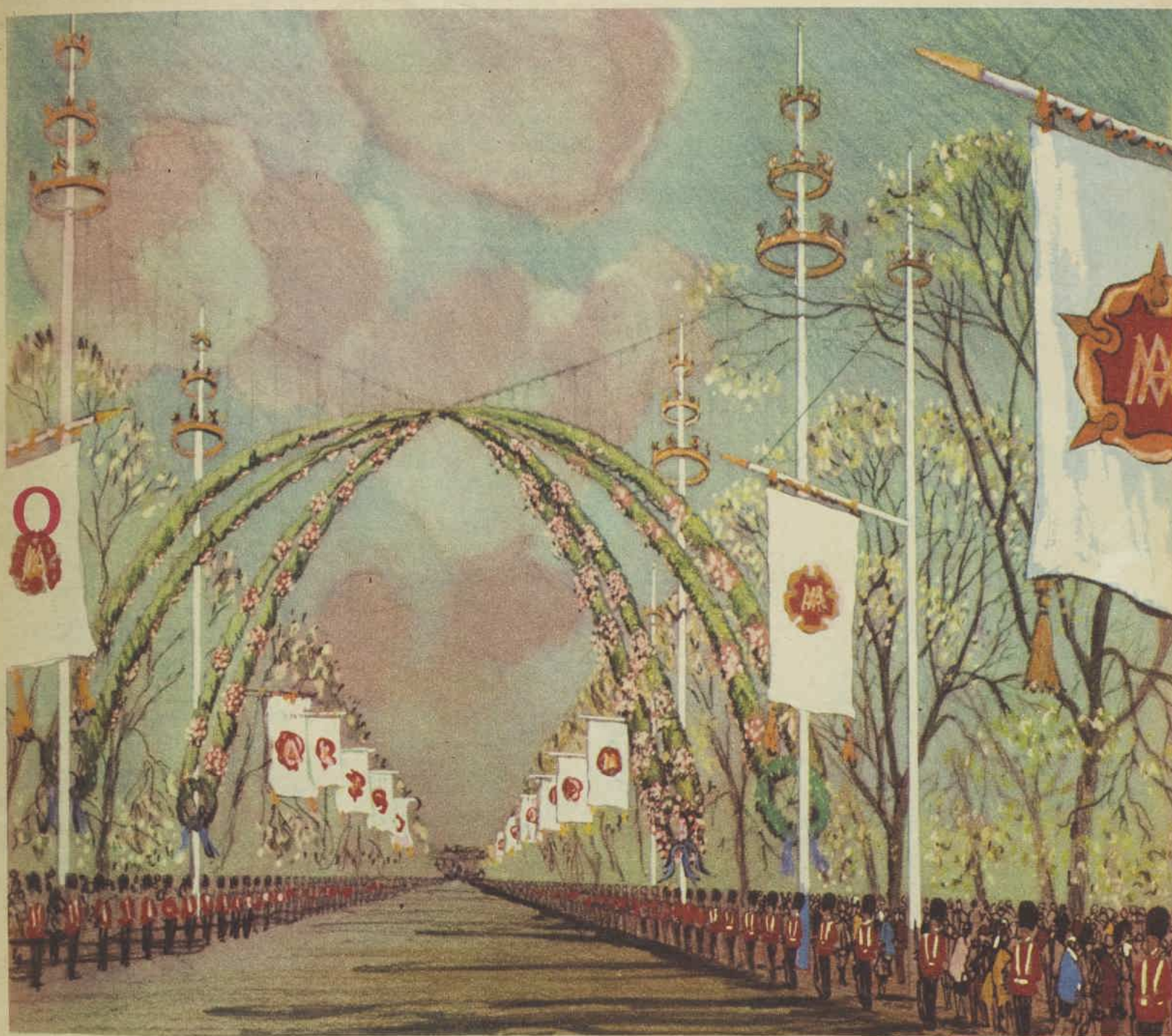
## Our Cover

● Smiling Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones, who marry in Westminster Abbey on May 19. Picture by Maurice Wilmott. Also in color, the Royal wedding street decorations, opposite page, and the little bridesmaids, pages 8 and 9.



**ROYAL  
WEDDING**

# Roses in the streets



ARTIST'S impression of how London's Mall will look for the Royal wedding. Red and pink roses decorate the high twin arch, and banners bearing the initials "MA" line the way.

● Three quarters of a million roses (artificial and real) are being used in decorating London for the wedding of Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones on May 6.

IN the famous Mall red and pink roses make up the 60ft.-high twin arch under which the Princess will pass as she goes to Westminster Abbey.

Also along the Mall will be 70 tall masts topped with three princesses' coronets and carrying large white banners bearing the red Tudor rose with, in gold, the letters "M" and "A" entwined.

A spring-flowers theme is being used all along the processional route.

Lord John Hope, Minister of Works, whose department is carrying out the decorations, said that more than £20,000 is being spent on them.

**COLD** canopies and princesses' coronets top floral poles in Queen Victoria Memorial Gardens outside Buckingham Palace.



ROYAL MASTS in Parliament Square near Abbey, as shown in sketch, are garlanded pink hydrangeas and yellow marguerites.





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as a  
butterfly kiss!



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## ROYAL WEDDING

# Last-minute excitement

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Excitement mounts by the hour as the Royal wedding draws near. Thousands are pouring into London from all corners of the world. Claridges is full — despite the dearth of foreign royalty — and there isn't a bed to be had in the town.

Wedding celebrations are already in full swing, but the most formal of all will be the special dinner and party planned by the Queen in her sister's honor.

This party, to which the Queen has invited all the friends of Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones, will be held in Buckingham Palace on May 4.

From the stately mansions of Mayfair, the studios of Chelsea and Pimlico, from foreign States and Commonwealth countries, old acquaintances and Royal relatives, Prime Ministers, famous actors, and little-known artists have all been summoned by



● Three thousand people burst through a police cordon to welcome Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones when they first appeared in public together. This picture shows them leaving Covent Garden with the Queen Mother.

The men, who'll probably be in lounge suits at the Abbey, will wear white ties and decorations. The women, who'll be in fashionably short spring dresses and very high hats on the wedding day, will wear tiaras, coronets, and long, sweeping ball gowns.

Outside the Palace thousands of people are expected

wedding. From Alexander Plunkett Greene, who was a Chelsea cafe owner and now runs a smart, expensive boutique, to Dominic Elwes, a society friend of long standing, none of Tony's close friends have been left from the wedding-guest list.

And from his first step-mother, Australian Mrs. Beppo Lopez (formerly Carol Coombe), who is delighted that she won't miss the ceremony, to his present step-mother, who ordered her gown well in advance and wasn't disappointed when she didn't receive an invitation, all his family is happy.

London is in a mad carnival mood, and each famous barman, from the Savoy to the Dorchester, is concocting new cocktails in honor of the occasion.

Every table at every fashionable club and hotel is booked for luncheon parties to be given by the lucky guests to the Abbey while Royal relatives attend the wedding breakfast.

London's visitors are planning to stay up all night on the processional route, greeting the dawn of May 6 with sandwiches and coffee flasks.

For days the route has been a kaleidoscopic pattern of flower-decked arches, banners, bunting, and contingents of the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

The actual wedding rehearsals, however, have been private. The eight little bridesmaids have rehearsed in the vast Abbey watched only by electricians fixing the monitoring TV sets.

About half the 2000 wedding-service guests will have to watch these sets to see the whole of the ceremony.

While spectators and guests join in the celebrations, TV viewers in 16 countries will

watch a film of the Abbey ceremony.

And "TV wedding parties" will be held in thousands of homes in Britain and abroad.

Clarence House is all in readiness. There were a few last-minute TV make-up problems for Princess Margaret (TV requires special make-up), but they have been solved.

Rene Moulard, the Princess' Mayfair hairdresser, has designed a new hairstyle. He will cut, shampoo, and set the Princess' hair on the pre-wedding night, and comb it back into an elegant nonchalance on the big day.

Norman Hartnell, the Royal dressmaker, can relax now. The wedding gown and veil have been sent to Clarence House in large, specially made



● Tony's stepbrother, Lord Oxmantown.

Royal command to this wedding celebration.

The Queen has planned it as the most glittering of all the occasions since she came to the throne.

The war cast its shadow of austerity over her own wedding, and the celebrations for her seem bleak in contrast to the scenes as Princess Margaret's day draws near.

Though the Buckingham Palace party will be very personal it will also be very formal.

to watch the partygoers sweep into the forecourt from the floodlit Mall.

Among all the celebrities they'll see people like Noel Coward, John Cranko, the choreographer, producer Tony Richardson, and members of the Royal Court Theatre.

As well as the bridegroom's sociable and highly gregarious Chelsea friends there will be the well-known friends of Princess Margaret—people like Billy Wallace and the Rev. Simon Phipps, who'll be one of the TV commentators in the Abbey.

French poet and eccentric Jean Cocteau is delighted with his invitation, though he confesses, "I hardly know the bridegroom."

Everyone is happy about the



● Tony's mother, the Countess of Rosse, the first wife of Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones.



● Tony's father, thrice-married Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, Q.C.



● Tony's first step-mother, Australian Mrs. Beppo Lopez, is now married to an Italian lawyer.

boxes, and there is no time left for anyone to run up cheap copies.

Gardeners all over England are collecting flowers worth £3000 for final additions to the Abbey decorations. The Worshipful Company of Gardeners, whose privilege it is to make bouquets for Royal weddings, will make Princess Margaret's early on the morning of May 6.



● Tony's sister, Susan Armstrong-Jones, the Viscountess de Vesc.



# The house where they'll live

"We think it's a darling house," Princess Margaret and her fiancé, Tony Armstrong-Jones, told their friends when the Queen asked them to accept as a "grace and favor" residence the 10 rooms in Kensington Palace as their first home.



● Kensington Palace (above) stands at the western end of Kensington Gardens. It was originally a nursery, built as an extension to the Palace by George III for use by his 15 children. The grounds include an orangery designed by Sir Christopher Wren for Queen Anne.

WITH Tony's imaginative planning and Princess Margaret's innate impeccable taste, the three-storeyed brick building where the late Marquess of Carisbrooke lived will be one of the smartest little homes in London.

This "grace and favor" house is small, and it seems certain that the Princess and her husband will find a large country home not too far from London, using "K.P."—as Kensington Palace is called by members of the Royal family—as their town quarters.

Nearest neighbor to the Princess and Tony will be the Duchess of Kent, whose 22-roomed house is one of the smartest and most gracefully furnished homes in London.

In the "Clock Tower" of "K.P.," too, lives the Countess of Athlone.

## Rent free

Margaret and Tony will live rent free in their new home. They will not have to pay any rates, and the Ministry of Works will do all repairs to their choice every seven years.

Just now the "grace and favor" is a dismal sight—empty, painted a dreary cream, with old linoleum floors and corridors, bare and forbidding.

Soon, however, the decorators will move in, and their new home will be ready for the Princess and her husband when they return from their honeymoon in June.

Remembering how dismal the Duchess of Kent's part was when she took it in hand, and what a home of elegance and perfection she made of it, no one doubts that Margaret and Tony will not be long making their home equally beautiful.

They will have no central-heating problems. I remember one freezing day soon after the war when I met the Carisbrookes shivering in this house and pessimistically awaiting the arrival of a cook for an interview.

"We are only hoping she will take us," they said, not hopefully. The cold house did not hold out high prospects.

But, since then, the Ministry of Works has spent some £170,000 on Kensington Palace—£42,000 of it on a boiler house for heating all the palace rooms.

The "grace and favor" was originally a nursery, built as an extension to the palace by George III, for the use of his 15 children.

Undoubtedly Tony and Margaret had "K.P." in mind when they asked if they could

choose the furniture various societies are giving them as wedding presents.

They will start off with one glass chandelier in the drawing-room, which is one of four rooms on the ground floor.

Their main bedroom, on the first floor, overlooks the orangery built by Sir Christopher Wren for Queen Anne.

Princess Margaret and her husband will have to manage with a small staff.

The servants' attic quarters are small, and the basement kitchen is not big.

There is not enough room for lavish entertainment.

"I should think intimate dinners and after-theatre supper parties rather than elaborate social functions will be their way of entertaining," said one of their close friends.

Whoever redecorates the "K.P." house for the newlyweds will certainly not be given a free hand.

"They are both perfectionists, and will want the house done their way right down to the last detail," I was told.

The tradesmen are delighted "K.P." is to be a Royal town-house for the newlyweds.

There is Fred Smith, milkman to the Kents and the Duchess of Athlone; Henry Geisha, who delivers meat, fish, wine, eggs, and poultry from a Kensington multiple store, and says a cheery "How do you do?" to the Duchess when he sees her.

And there is a lamplighter who cares for the old-fashioned gaslight with its gilded crowns.

"I'll be pleased to look after the one at Princess Margaret's house," he said.



● An ornate double gateway (left) leads to the apartment where Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones will live after their marriage. The apartment formerly belonged to Princess Margaret's cousin, the Marquess of Carisbrooke. It is one of several apartments of "grace and favor" cottages within the palace.

## Antiques are preferred

Friends of Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones are in no doubt about the most suitable and acceptable wedding presents for them.

It needs only a lot of searching for the right gift—and perhaps not even a fat cheque book.

The Princess and Tony cannot state their wishes, but it is well known that both love and appreciate antiques for their intrinsic value and lasting beauty.

The Princess' engagement ring is an antique—a ruby in a diamond-studded flower setting. And the tiara she wears is an antique—bought at an auction.

From London's hundreds of antique shops and auction rooms friends have bought Georgian silver, Waterford crystal, Queen Anne writing desks, and Regency sofas.

The Queen and all members of the Royal family are giving magnificent jewels in antique settings.

As well as the presents from friends, there are hundreds more from corporations, councils, foreign governments, and heads of State. These include whole suites of furniture, Hepplewhite armchairs, and a valuable Chippendale mahogany chest of drawers.

Fine wines and exotic foods will fill the cellars and pantries of the new Royal home for years to come.

The Princess will have a whole new wardrobe of luxurious furs—from enveloping winter minks to light fur jackets.

The sheets in the Kensington Palace home will be of the finest Irish linen, and not in the old tradition of silk.

The Irish Linen Guild has supplied sheets in all of the most delicate shades, embroidered with the initials of the couple and the Royal Cipher.

There are, of course, many more simple gifts. Hand-made and homely, they range from egg cozies to book-markers, rugs, and patchwork quilts from the rural industries and communities.

In the tradition of Royal brides, all the wedding gifts will be displayed in St. James's Palace before the Princess begins to use them. Members of the public will be able to see them for a small fee—which will help a charity.

*The Lord Chamberlain to  
Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother is commanded by  
Her Majesty*

*to the Ceremony of the Marriage of  
Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret  
with  
Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones  
in Westminster Abbey  
on Friday 6th May, 1960 at 11.30 o'clock a.m.*

*Guests: Messrs. (Dress for Evening)*  
*Ladies: Messrs. (Dress for Evening)*  
*Ladies: Messrs. (Dress for Evening)*

*An answer is requested addressed to the Lord Chamberlain to  
Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother  
Clarence House, St. James's, S.W.1.*

● The most coveted card in Britain—an invitation to the marriage. It is plainer than many invitations and the instructions are quite clear. Accompanying the invitation was a separate request for an immediate reply. The name of the guest on this card has been "blacked out."



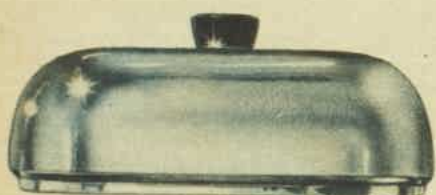
NOW 3 SUNBEAM FRYPANS!



# Which size is for you ?

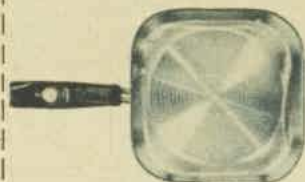
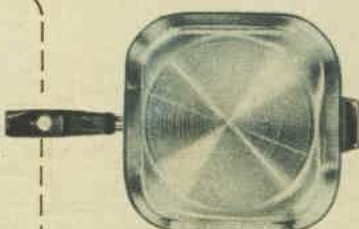
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\* Standard equipment with the Supersize Frypan. Available as an optional extra with the Large and Medium size models.



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Supersize gives you all the wonderful advantages of Sunbeam temperature control PLUS extra space to accommodate really large roasts and poultry, covered casseroles — all kinds of tempting dishes for your family, your friends, your party. Having a dinner party — guests for a buffet meal? Whether it's a snack for one or food for twenty, your Supersize Frypan cooks better, easier than any other method. It's Australia's latest, finest — most versatile cooking appliance.

## LARGE SIZE FRYPAN

this is just right for families up to six

Food has more flavour when you cook with your Sunbeam Frypan. You always cook at the right temperature — no heat variation to deprive food of its succulence and taste. Just set the dial, switch on — your Sunbeam Frypan does the rest. For families up to six this size is ideal.

## MEDIUM SIZE FRYPAN

convenient size for the smaller home

Perfect for business girls, married couples, the bachelor cook. Does everything the Supersize will do in smaller helpings — cooks everything from cakes to steaks — simply, quickly, *automatically*.

# Sunbeam

# AUTOMATICALLY HEAT CONTROLLED FRYPAN

STEWES • ROASTS • GRILLS • CASSEROLES • BAKES • FRIES • STEAMS



# ...People behind the scenes



## THE BAKER

● Morecambe baker Mr. David Ronald Adams received the order to make Princess Margaret's wedding cake—though some reports say there will be more cakes than guests. Mr. Adams, 46, champion confectioner of England and Wales, has won more than 1000 awards. The Royal wedding cake, he said, took six weeks to make.



## THE COACHMEN

● The horses have been groomed to glistening point, and here in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace the Alexandra Coach (left) and the Glass Coach receive last-minute attention. The Glass Coach, built in 1881 for Sir Whittaker Ellis, Lord Mayor of London, was bought by King George V in 1910 and used by the Queen and Prince Philip when they returned to the Palace after their wedding. It will convey Princess Margaret from Clarence House to Westminster Abbey on her wedding day. The Queen will ride in the Alexandra Coach.



## THE TAILOR

● While the fashion world chattered about the top-secret Norman Hartnell design of Princess Margaret's wedding gown and the team of seamstresses who worked on it for weeks, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones' tailor prepared his morning suit with calm confidence. He could afford to. Mr. Leslie Thornton, 53-year-old director of a Sackville Street tailoring firm, has been friends with the bridegroom since Tony's schooldays at Eton.



## THE CHOIR BOYS

● Members of the Westminster Abbey choristers walk slowly through the Abbey cloisters on their way to the Song School to practise under Sir William McKie, Master of Choristers, in preparation for the wedding. Princess Margaret chose the hymns for the ceremony, but asked that they be kept secret until the morning of May 6.



## Royal Wedding

# EIGHT LITTLE MAIDS

● These little girls, all aged between six and 12 years, are the eight bridesmaids chosen for Princess Margaret's wedding to Antony Armstrong-Jones in Westminster Abbey on May 6. The bridesmaids are all daughters of relatives or close friends of Princess Margaret.



● Chief bridesmaid Princess Anne (above), who is nearly ten, was a bridesmaid earlier this year at the marriage of Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Mr. David Hicks.

● Miss Catherine Vesey (left), six-year-old niece of former photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones and daughter of Viscount and Viscountess de Vesci, will come from Ireland to the wedding.

● Lady Virginia Fitzroy (right), daughter of Countess Euston, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, is worried about losing a front tooth before the wedding day. She is six.







• Six-year-old Sarah Lowther cannot smile at the Royal wedding. She is missing a front tooth. Sarah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lowther, is a god-daughter of Princess Margaret, and her mother was formerly a Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess.



• Angela Nevill (above), 12-year-old daughter of Lord Rupert and Lady Camilla Nevill, knows Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones well. Both are frequent visitors to her home.



• Marilyn Wills, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, has just recovered from chicken-pox in time to attend the Westminster Abbey wedding. Bridesmaid Marilyn is twelve years old. Her mother is a cousin of Princess Margaret.



• Miss Annabel Rhodes (left), nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Rhodes, is a cousin of Princess Margaret. Her father's family came from New Zealand.



• Lady Rose Nevill (right), daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, is ten years old. She thinks being bridesmaid at the Royal wedding will be 'such tremendous fun.'





NAGGING COUGHS... STOPPED



HE SLEEPS ALL NIGHT LONG

NEW FROM VICKS!

## ANTI-CONGESTION MEDICINE STOPS NIGHT COUGHS

...WORKS WHERE OTHERS FAIL!

Not only clears chest congestion but drains hidden nasal and sinus congestion as well. His cough goes . . . he breathes freely . . . he sleeps!



Clears chest congestion to stop coughs.



Drains nasal, sinus areas — he breathes freely.

New, more complete relief. Now, when your child coughs again and again and can't get the sleep he needs, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup.

**Unique 3-way anti-congestion action.** You see, Improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains a special, medically approved anti-congestant that not only clears chest congestion—it drains nasal and sinus congestion as well. What's more, this unique anti-congestant actually keeps congestion from building up! And with congestion gone . . . his cough is gone . . . he breathes freely . . . sleeps the night through. And you sleep, too!

**Plus exclusive deep-penetrating action.** Improved Vicks Cough Syrup also contains Cetamium, the amazing deep-penetrating agent that brings soothing medications deep into irritated folds and crevices of throat where other cough syrups never reach!

**And Vitamin C.** To help your child fight off infection and build his resistance to colds, improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains fresh-fruit Vitamin C!

So don't let a nagging, persistent cough keep your child from getting the sleep he needs. Tonight, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup with Vitamin C!



Now with resistance-building Vitamin C

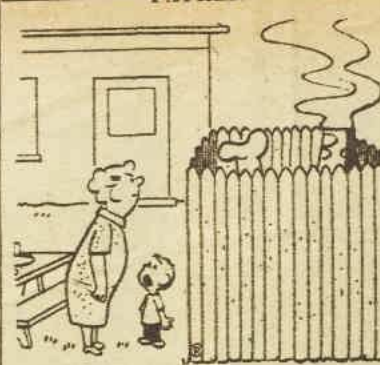
New IMPROVED Vicks  
**COUGH SYRUP** with Vitamin C

Prescription strength—for adults!

New Vicks **FORMULA 44**

Especially formulated to fight harsh, adult coughs! Gives faster, more complete relief.

FATHER



"Daddy doesn't want anybody in his kitchen!"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"Hey, Mum! We've got a present for you!"

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dearn

LATELY I've been waking in the middle of the night and thinking about Dr. Barbara Moore.

There she was, bashing along on that 3000-mile hike across America, sustained by a vegetarian diet, and furious about those two British servicemen who started the same walk a day earlier.

The fury may have helped her pace. Her remarkable 107 miles in one day—so remarkable that the servicemen refused to believe she wasn't on wheels—could hardly have been accomplished in a good temper. Nevertheless, it was jolly mean of the servicemen to try to steal her thunder. Dr. Moore put British hiking on the map.

You might argue that Dr. Moore, by her tramping to and fro across Britain, and now America, pitted herself against men and forfeited any right to chivalry.

You might argue that, but as an old advocate of chivalry-plus-equality I'd be pitching right back.

As I said before, I've been waking up in the middle of the night thinking about Dr. Barbara slogging on, shuddering slightly, and putting my head back under the bedclothes.

★ ★ ★  
ANOTHER thing I've been brooding about lately — more in the daytime than at night — is coathangers.

My favorite kind of coathanger is a wooden one that curves up instead of down at the ends. It's ideal for wide-necked dresses and those that hang by tapes.

They are getting scarcer and scarcer. I survey the racks of coathangers in shops, wood, steel, and plastic, and turn disconsolately away.

Suddenly it has occurred to me that all the coathanger manufacturers can't be wrong. It must be me. Evidently my kind is out of date like swing-bands.

Obviously I must study the new models and find one to suit.

You must move with the times—even in the matter of coathangers.

★ ★ ★  
IN the mail this week, an oil company's road map of the Northern Territory, produced to mark the Territory's centenary.

It is so attractive, its pale pink cover decorated with a hibiscus flower, and its place names so picturesque—"Whistleduck Creek," "Last Chance Mine," and "Cockroach Bore"—that I pored over it for a long time.

The long bitumen stretches of road, marked by heavy black lines, are impressive, though there are enough dotted red lines (tracks for four-wheel-drive vehicles) to satisfy the most adventurous.

The map includes some helpful advice to motorists, plus a note printed in red: "Shooting of horses, camels, donkeys, cattle, sheep, and goats strictly prohibited."

The Territorians must be expecting some pretty unbridled types of city tourists this year.

IN a great surge of sentiment, American baseball fans jammed an auction at Ebbets Field Stadium, New York, home of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Two years ago the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles. Ebbets Field will now be the site of a housing project.

Souvenirs sold included bricks from the stadium, painted gold, priced at 8/11, and pots of sod from the playing field—at 2/3.

Many a wife must have looked pretty coldly at a husband bringing home these sort of treasures.

What are you supposed to do with a gold-painted brick?

Use it for a paperweight, I suppose, though if there is any more unnecessary item in the world than a paperweight I'd like to hear of it. What's wrong with an ash-tray?

I suppose you grow indoor plants in the pots of sacred earth. No doubt the hostess then says, "And do you know, that philodendron is growing in earth from Ebbets Field."

This is what is known as a "conversation starter," though personally I could think of no rejoinder to that remark except "Oh!"

The Americans, judging by their ads for bric-a-brac, set great store by "conversation starters."

If it's as difficult as that to think up a subject of common interest I'm all for switching on the TV—and drowning conversation.

★ ★ ★  
AMONG exhibits at the International Gifts and Fancy Goods Fair at Blackpool, England, were some novel alarm clocks. One model wakes the sleeper by chiming the song "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," from the hit musical "Oklahoma!"

Some people are at their peak in the morning, cheerful and gay.

Never need any coaxing to face the new day.

Chattering and whistling like budgerigars about the place.

Reading bits out of the paper and crying "Isn't this a disgrace!"

These don't need mechanical devices to wake them, only the birds.

And, in wishing to describe them I am stuck for polite words.

Myself, dragged out of oceans of sleep by an alarm clock's ping,

I prefer to rev up by degrees, refusing to sing.

And after I've been up for an hour and wrung the third cup of tea from the pot,

I'll make up my own mind, thank you, on whether it's a beautiful day or not.





## O n food

Nothing tastes like butter because butter — *only* butter — is made from dairy cream. Nothing does so much for other foods.

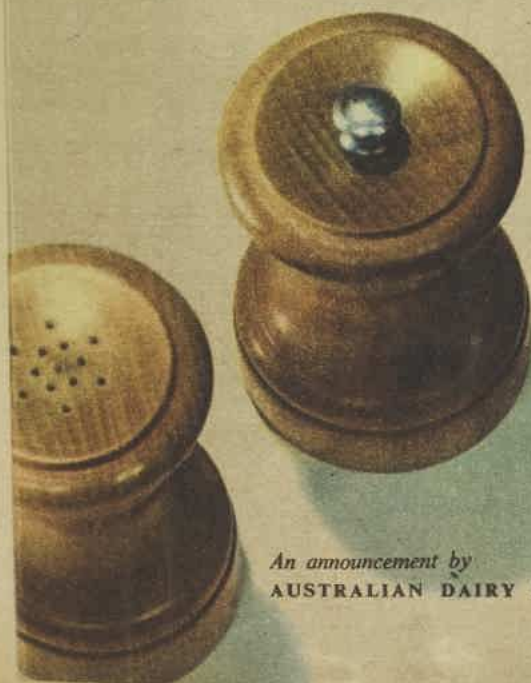
## and in food

When people talk about that home-made taste they mean the very special flavour and delicacy that butter — *only* butter — gives to cooking. Butter creams easily, blends perfectly and protects other ingredients. Butter brings out natural flavours, makes your cakes taste fresh and moist. Every time you cook, cook with butter and make the most of *every* recipe.

## nothing tastes like BUTTER—except BUTTER

Can you think of anything more tempting than butter spread thickly on crusty bread . . . butter melting into a hot scone or a fluffy baked potato . . . butter sizzling on a steak or dripping golden from hot toast? Every pound of butter contains the cream of eighteen pints of pure fresh milk. Give *your* family Nature's goodness — the goodness found only in butter.

THE GOODNESS IN BUTTER MAKES OTHER FOODS BETTER



An announcement by  
AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCERS BOARD





# 'AKTA-VITE'

TRADE MARK

## for glowing health all through winter



**A DAILY CUP OF 'AKTA-VITE'  
KEEPS YOU A JUMP AHEAD OF WINTER ILLS**

Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could enjoy glowing "holiday health" all through winter... relaxed and free from those all-too-common run down conditions! 'AKTA-VITE' can do much to help you and your family retain that holiday health through the cold months ahead. Get into the routine of a daily cup of hot 'AKTA-VITE' to get the vitamins you need for tip-top health.

### 'AKTA-VITE' IS NO ORDINARY "MILK ADDITION" FOOD DRINK

Vitamins are essential to good health and 'AKTA-VITE' is the only milk addition food tonic which contains in each daily dose enough of the vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D to keep you and your family glowing with really good health. 'AKTA-VITE' with its

delicious chocolate-malt flavour is the ideal way to get these vitamins — easily, pleasantly and in quantities sufficient to do you good.

### 'AKTA-VITE' IS EASY TO TAKE

The most popular way of taking 'AKTA-VITE' at this time of year is in a hot milk drink before going to bed.

This has a relaxing, satisfying effect as well as helping you to a good night's sleep.

'AKTA-VITE' can, of course, be taken at any time during the day and is in fact, frequently taken at breakfast as a "starter" to give you extra energy for the day's work.

### 'AKTA-VITE' IS A POWER FOR HEALTH FOR ALL THE FAMILY

These days the average mother has a good knowledge of vitamins and their function. She buys foods as much for vitamin content as for taste appeal, but as is well known, cooking often destroys many of the vitamins in food. For this reason it is a wise

insurance to see that every member of the family makes up for any lack of the vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D and this can be done so appetisingly and successfully with 'AKTA-VITE'. 'AKTA-VITE' is very concentrated and has been formulated so that the necessary amounts of these vitamins can be brought up to the right level by following the recommended daily dosage shown on the pack.

Even those only slightly deficient in these vitamins soon feel the benefit of daily 'AKTA-VITE'. 'AKTA-VITE' will help promote more energy, more restful sleep and a zest for living by acting as a tonic of the most natural kind — a food tonic.

### Everyone in your family benefits from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'

#### FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS

Athletes have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted.

#### FOR "ENERGY BURNERS"

There are many people who, either because of their serious, conscientious nature or by force of circumstances, are continually exerting themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, replacing the energy and zest they lack. 'AKTA-VITE' in hot milk as a night-cap is a wonderful aid to deep restful sleep which "energy burners" must have.

#### FOR CONVALESCENTS

The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' appeals at a time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

#### FOR STRIVING STUDENTS AND ADOLESCENTS

Long hours of study during periods of rapid growth may take heavy toll of health if allowed to go on too long. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

#### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from

well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

#### FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also 'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.

#### FOR EARLY GROWTH

Toddlers and children need greater amounts of vitamins during periods of rapid growth. During such times 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love its delicious flavour when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.

### ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST — HE KNOWS



**DELICIOUS  
'AKTA-VITE'**

TRADE MARK

**A POWER FOR HEALTH**

Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 2½d. a day.

ES92/362

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NICHOLAS-PROPRIETARY LIMITED 699 WARRIGAL ROAD, CHADSTONE, S.E.10., VICTORIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 11, 1960





DIONE LUCAS pictured at her new school in the heart of New York.

## Her third 'Cook's' tour Dione Lucas prepares for Australian visit

● The Australian Women's Weekly, which is bringing Mrs. Dione Lucas to Australia for her third "Cook's" tour soon, has just lost 128 fans in America.

By  
**ROBERT  
FELDMAN,**  
of our New York  
staff

THEY are men, women, and children who had planned to enrol in Dione's new cooking school this northern summer, but now will simply have to sit home and bite their nails until she returns in the autumn.

Mrs. Lucas' new school—located in her fourth, and largest, premises in 19 years in New York—is on busy Second Avenue, near 59th Street, just a stone's throw from aristocratic Sutton Place.

Under the name "Gourmet Cooking, Incorporated," it opened in a blaze of publicity last month in a tastefully redecorated loft over a bar.

Presiding at the opening-day party was the director and cuisiniere-en-chef herself, dishing up omelets for hungry reporters and photographers at the rate of one every 35 seconds. With her spare hand she poured champagne.

Making omelets, to her, is like peeling potatoes to the average housewife, so she was able to carry on spirited conversations and Press interviews at the same time.

The Press people included reporters from the daily newspapers and food editors from "Life," "Vogue," "House and Garden," "Harper's Bazaar," and "Town and Country."

To get the place ready in time for the scheduled opening, Mrs. Lucas had surmounted a series of ulcer-making problems. These ranged from a tussle with City Hall on the question of garbage disposal to a sudden crisis in which the beautiful walnut

and stainless steel cabinets she had ordered looked like being stranded on a lorry in a ditch en route from Indiana.

But everything jelled at last, and, minutes before the first guest arrived at noon on opening day, Mrs. Lucas calmly hung the last curtain over her office window.

Then she tied on an apron, had her negro porter, Vincent, move two crates of eggs near one of the four cooking ranges, and turned on the gas.

The first treads were heard on the stairway. Cocking an ear, she said, "The fat's in the fire"—and it was.

### Sydney branch?

Gourmet Cooking, Inc., has some Australian financial backing, and Mrs. Lucas hopes to establish a branch of the school in Sydney before long.

"Judging from my two visits to Australia, I would say that a year-round gourmet cooking school would go well there," she said. "I would complement my seasonal store and TV demonstrations for The Australian Women's Weekly."

"Perhaps I could even launch a propaganda campaign from my school against those dreadful carpetbag steaks."

Dione's New York school will operate under the same system she perfected in London before World War II when she and a partner ran the Au Petit Cordon Bleu restaurant and cooking school in Chelsea.

Mrs. Lucas limits class membership to eight.

"I can't get round to any more than that and still give

each of them my 'undivided' attention," she says.

Space in the evening classes is at a premium, since these pupils eat their "mistakes" at the end of class. Dinner is followed by a usually riotous post-mortem talk by the head-mistress.

Tuition fees for adults and children are 75 dollars (about £A30) for a course of six weekly lessons, or 125 dollars for 12 lessons. In addition, pupils are charged for ingredients used in making each recipe. But they may take their dishes home from class.

A class consists simply of the preparation by each pupil of the dish he or she has chosen in advance. There is no lecture or demonstration, but Mrs. Lucas flits from range to range and counter to counter, illustrating a cutting technique here or a saute process there.

In the catalogue, the school offers to teach 160 specific dishes, including 16 lunch dishes and hors-d'oeuvres, 16 soups, 23 fish dishes, 24 ways of preparing fowl, 3 ham, 10 beef, 8 lamb, 10 veal, 2 rabbit (moutarde and chasseur), 5 pastas, 17 sauces, and 25 pastry dishes.

"It should be pointed out," the brochure coolly states after listing all 160 dishes, "that it is possible to select other dishes as well."

Dione explained: "I'm quite prepared to teach—and I have taught—people to make a pot roast or a Yorkshire pudding."

Mrs. Lucas numbers among her recent pupils Joan Fontaine, Brian Aherne, Helen Hayes, Harold Lloyd, Nicholas Roosevelt, and Faye Emerson.

### Where to see her

COOKERY demonstrations by Mrs. Lucas during her third visit to Australia will include—as well as family dishes—recipes for special menus, including a smorgashord cold buffet, ladies' luncheon, after-theatre supper, brunch, coffee and dessert, and a holiday dinner.

While Mrs. Lucas is on tour we will publish a 64-page lift-out booklet of demonstration and additional recipes.

The demonstrations will take place in Sydney at Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., from June 20 to 24 inclusive; in Brisbane, at McWhirter's Ltd., from June 27 to July 1; in Melbourne, at the Myer Emporium Ltd., from July 4 to 8; in Hobart, at G. P. Fitzgerald and Co. Ltd., from July 11 to 15; in Adelaide, at John Martin and Co. Ltd., from July 18 to 22; in Perth, at Boans Ltd., from July 25 to 29.

Her current classes, she insisted, contained only "average" people. My next question, however, elicited the information that about half the membership is interstate, with women flying in specifically for the cooking course from places like Kansas City, San Francisco, and Denver.

Dione Lucas gives a diploma to pupils of the full, 12-week course who pass a stiff examination in theory and practice of the haute cuisine.

Anyone wishing to earn one must show up on examination day empty-handed and be prepared to execute, without forewarning, anything from "Angels on Horseback" to "Hont Blanc Aux Marrons." And it has to taste good—to the educated palate of Mrs. Lucas (Cordon Bleu, '28).

she enjoys  
every  
weekend



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comfort, for even the most active girls.  
Enjoy company with confidence—with Meds.  
(Packet of 10, 2/6—with applicators, 4/-.)

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**WINN CHERRIES**

there's nothing so bright as Winn



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one yard

## DRESSING STRIP

now means you can dress  
large or small wounds easily  
**IN SECONDS!**

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- 5 ECONOMY** There's no wastage with Elastoplast one-yard dressing... cut off as much or as little as needed to cover the wound.



Flesh-coloured fabric is inconspicuous. Its 250-300% stretch means extra comfort, too.



Elastoplast Dressing Strip can be quickly cut to any size.



Especially suitable for all hard-to-bandage places.

Elastoplast Dressing Strip is available in one-yard lengths and 1½, 2½ and 3-inch widths. Keep it in the home, for safety's sake. From all Chemists and Stores.

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ELASTIC ADHESIVE

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Now ventilated to let wounds breathe!



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WATERPROOF ELASTOPLAST on spools protects against water, oil and grease. Washable non-catch surface. 1" width in one and three yard lengths.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 11, 1960



# HONS and REBELS

By Jessica Mitford

## More about the amazing Mitfords

● Jessica Mitford, telling the story of her family, the one son and six daughters of David Freeman-Mitford, second Baron Redesdale, and Lady Redesdale, became the central figure in last week's instalment of "Hons and Rebels."

Jessica had run away to France with her cousin, Esmond Romilly, a "rebel," her aim being to get to Spain to support the Republican Government against General Franco. In France, Esmond asked her to marry him.

Meanwhile, two of Jessica's sisters, Unity ("Boud") and Diana, both fanatical followers of Hitler, were actively supporting Franco.

Members of the Mitford family in "Hons and Rebels" are:

● Thomas, only son, born 1909, died of wounds in Burma, 1945.

● Nancy, born 1904, married Hon. Peter Rodd, author of (among others) "The Pursuit of Love."

● Pamela, born 1907, married Wing-Commander Derek Jackson.

● Unity, born 1914, died unmarried 1948; was admired by Nazis as "perfect Aryan type."

● Diana, born 1910, married first Hon. Bryan Guinness, then Sir Oswald Mosley.

● Jessica, born 1917, married first Esmond Romilly, then Robert Truchhaft, of New York.

● Deborah, born 1920, married Duke of Devonshire.



THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR was in full swing when this picture was taken of Jessica Mitford with a Spanish friend in Bilbao, where she had gone with her cousin Esmond Romilly, still then her fiancé, to fight against Franco. She was brought back in a British destroyer.

WE arrived back in London very late at night and, at Esmond's suggestion, took a cab to Peter Neville's house.

Peter came to the door in his dressing-gown, looking rather sleepy and cross. He was even crosser when he heard our news.

I have since learned that it invariably annoys a person's "best friend" to hear of an engagement which comes as a complete surprise.

We decided I should draw up a letter to my mother for Peter to deliver at an appropriate time. Esmond was rather worried over this plan, as it violated a number of his tried and true rules for successful running away, such as "never tell a living soul" and "never put anything in writing."

But I pointed out that eventually my parents were bound to notice when I didn't return from Dieppe.

The letter began dramatically, "Darling Muv: By the time you get this I shall be married to Esmond Romilly."

Peter was understandably nervous about having to deliver this odd message.

"D'you mean I've got to beard the Nazi baron in his den?" he drawled in his sardonic semi-American accent.

The elusive Señor Lopez was nowhere to be found in

London, so the same night we returned to Paris.

The next two weeks were consumed in a frustrating series of appointments with various Spanish officials. Time was passing at a frightening rate, and we seemed to be getting nowhere. We travelled to Bayonne, a port in the South of France near the Spanish border, posting letters to my mother in towns on the way.

Esmond was getting increasingly restless. The two indispensable practical ingredients of our plan—time and money—were fast being dissipated. It seemed likely that any day now my mother would discover my defection from the family ranks.

### Honeymoon

In many ways, this was a far from ideal honeymoon. But we got to know each other faster than would have been possible under more normal circumstances.

Esmond had an infallible nose for the cheapest possible accommodation, and we stayed in Bayonne in a small hotel crowded with Basque refugee families from the northern part of Spain. Every day we checked at the Basque Consulate for my authorisation to travel and for possible news of transportation.

We went for long walks in the town, during which Esmond told of his experiences on the Madrid front.

## INSTALMENT IV

Esmond's encounter with Fascism in Spain, and, above all, the horror of his final action in the Battle of Boadilla, had done much to solidify the direction his life had taken since the age of fifteen. He was no longer a mere *enfant terrible*, baiter of the traditions of the rich and powerful. He had become a committed partisan of the fight against Fascism.

As for me, I was still only on the threshold. My intentions were serious; running away meant more than just a wild, exciting adventure—but it meant that, too.

I was secretly shocked and disturbed at Esmond's assumption that I should never again see my family. Life at home with all our silly jokes and private languages, Nancy's bright clownishness, and Boud's immense, strong personality still meant something to me.

But Esmond regarded my family as the enemy and discouraged all discussion of them.

When we were near despair over the difficulties of leaving for Spain, a messenger arrived from the Basque Consulate with our permits to sail for Bilbao on a cargo boat.

Life in Bilbao had for me far more the quality of a dream than of a dream come true. It seemed so absolutely extraordinary to be there with

Esmond, and to think that a few hundred miles away over the sea there was Rutland Gate, unchanged, the quiet, smooth life of the family flowing on unrippled . . .

I could visualise aunts coming to tea, casually asking my mother, "Where's Decca?"

"She's staying in Dieppe with the Paget twins," Muv would answer placidly. "She seems to be having a very nice time from her letters."

I felt bemused, a convalescent barely out of the anaesthetic after a major operation which had severed old ties, habits, patterns of living.

Esmond, on the contrary, settled down immediately to the essentials of living and working in Bilbao. I followed in his wake, briskly trudging to government offices, Press headquarters, information centres.

I was trying to get in focus this big blur of a grey seaport town, to understand the heroism of its pale, determined people, who went steadily about their daily business in the shadow of the knowledge that the attack would not be long in coming.

That February the front was still quiet. The opposing armies in the Spanish war were locked in the battle for Madrid. There were few foreign journalists in Bilbao, and those who came were

treated royally by the Government. We found to our surprise that free room and board would be provided by the Foreign Press Bureau in one of the large hotels.

Although the fighting was far away, the town was near starvation.

After a few days in Bilbao we were taken to the front by some people from the Press Bureau. It was a long day's trip in an Army jeep over miles and miles of rough mountain roads.

The front was high on a hill, overlooking a deep ravine. Across the ravine, half a mile away, we could see the enemy.

### I shoot

Our companion suggested that I might like to shoot a rifle. He showed me how to look through the sights at the tiny figures on the other side of the ravine. I pulled the trigger and it went off with a tremendous bang, knocking me backwards. The bullet had lodged in a nearby tree. My "fire" was returned in much the same desultory fashion by the enemy.

The strange sense of unreality deepened.

I was consumed with curiosity and anxiety about what must by now be happening at home.

One day on returning to the hotel we were told that the Basque Proconsul of the British Consulate had been

round to see us. This was cause for alarm.

The next morning the Proconsul returned.

"I have received a telegram," he said, smiling broadly. "The telegram is in code. It concerns you two, believe. Here it is, and here is the code book. Let us see if together we can decode it." We felt that this must be rather an unorthodox procedure, but readily agreed to help with the decoding.

The telegram said: "Find Jessica Mitford and persuade her to return." It was signed by Anthony Eden.

"And now I must answer the telegram. What shall I say?" asked the Proconsul. We helped him to draft and code the reply: "Have found Jessica Mitford. Impossible to persuade her to return."

"Normally, Mr. Stevenson, the British Consul, takes care of all this sort of thing," said the Proconsul. "Unfortunately, he is now in Bayonne on Consulate business and he may not be back for some days."

Our meeting with the Proconsul served to focus our attention once more on the urgency of getting married. We made inquiries from the Basque authorities, and were informed to our surprise that even in the middle of a civil war people under the age of twenty-one could not get married without their parents' consent.

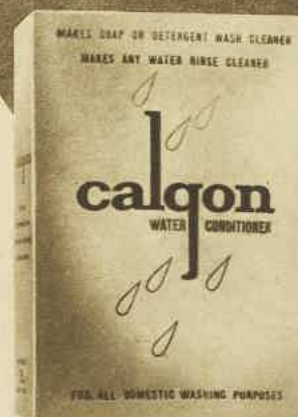
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## Not a soap not a detergent

'Calgon' transforms all water  
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# 'calgon' makes all water wonderful for washing!

### NEW WATER CONDITIONER! NEW, MUCH CLEANER WASH!

Wonderful things happen when you dissolve 'Calgon' in water. Hard or soft, you actually *feel* and *see* how much softer, silkier it becomes. It sparkles. Scientifically, 'Calgon' locks up hardness minerals, prevents them combining with soap, detergent, dirt, to form troublesome washing film, irritating scum. Lets soap or detergent and water do the wash properly, unhindered.

In the rinse, 'Calgon' stops new washing film forming, frees old film; gently washes away every trace of soap and soil—the 'hangover dirt' as it's known. By removing 'hangover dirt' 'Calgon' ends yellowing, greying and stiffening of fabrics. Only a small amount of 'Calgon' is necessary, varying with the water. 'Calgon' laundered clothes are whiter, softer, brighter.

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'Calgon' removes old scale, prevents new clogging deposits, assures performance with minimum maintenance. Keeps your washer as well as your clothes sparkling new.

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#### GOODBYE BATHTUB RING!

You recognise washing film best as that stubborn, unsightly ring around the bath. The same film remains on everything you wash, including your own body. 'Calgon' washes bathtub ring right down the drain, kindly, gently, but extremely thoroughly.

### BEST FOR BABY

Doctors recommend 'Calgon' for non-irritation of sensitive skin. 'Calgon'-laundered nappies are fluffier, more absorbent, softer, non-scratchy. Baby clothes, blankets keep clean, sweet. No harshness with gentle 'Calgon'.



### LUSTROUS LINGERIE

Personal hand-washables, lingerie, hosiery, retain all their delicate lustre. So kind to your hands, too.



**DAZZLING DISHES, GLITTERING GLASS** China, glass, silver dry spot-free without wiping after rinsing.



### SHIMMERING SHAMPOOS

Without film that dulls shine, hair is radiantly clean, delightfully soft, easy to manage.

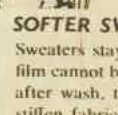
### CLEAR COMPLEXION

'Calgon' conditioned water gives a gentle beauty treatment, no film to cloud complexion.



### SHAVING SATISFACTION

Cleaner, faster; leaves face refreshed.



### SOFTER SWEATERS

Sweaters stay softer as film cannot build up, wash after wash, to dim colors, stiffen fabrics.



### 'CALGON' LIFTS SUDS, DIRT FROM 'CLEAN' WASHING—TRY IT!

Put a clean, dry towel from your last wash into plain water in your washing machine or copper. Agitate. Nothing happens. Add a little 'Calgon'. Agitate . . . and just look at the dirty suds. They're all from the 'clean' towel. 'Calgon' does not make suds by itself.

*'Calgon' helps soap  
lather luxuriously*

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# HANDKNITS FOR THE SNOW COUNTRY

● This three-page knitting feature contains six handsome sweaters specially designed for skiers.

## Sweater with contrast hood, cuffs

**Materials:** 13 (14) balls main color, 5 (5) balls contrast color Villawool Slalom Ski and Sports yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 3, 5, and 6 needles; 2 buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit loosely 36 (38) in. bust (actual measurements 40 (42) in.), length, 25½ in.; sleeve, 15½ in.

**Tension:** 3 sts. to lin.

**Pattern:** 1st Row (wrong side of work): Sl. 1, k to end.  
2nd Row: Sl. 1, k 1, \* k into st. below next st., k 1, \* rep. to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, k to end.  
4th Row: Sl. 1, \* k into st. below next st., k 1, \* rep. to end.

Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

### BACK

\*\* Using No. 3 needles, cast on 57 (61) sts. and k 1 row. Rep. the 4 rows of patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 6 in., ending on the right side of work. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 12th row until 65 (69) sts. Cont. until work measures 16½ in., ending on the right side of work.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 2 sts. 6 (8) times \*\*.

Cont. on 53 (53) sts. until armhole measures 9 in. on the straight, ending on the right side of work.

**To Shape Shoulders and Back Neck — Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts. in patt., work 18 sts., cast off centre 13 sts. in patt., work 20 sts.

Cont. on last 20 sts. only and shape shoulder by casting off in patt. at beg. of next and alt. rows 2 sts. 3 times, 4 sts. twice, at the same time casting off in patt. on neck edge at beg. of next and alt. rows 2 sts. 3 times. Return to rem. 16 sts., join in wool at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

### FRONT

Work as back from \*\* to \*\*. Cont. until armholes measure 6½ in. on the straight, ending on the right side of work.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** Work 24 sts., cast off centre 5 sts. in patt., work 24 sts.

Cont. on last 24 sts., keeping armhole edge straight, and casting off on neck edge at beg. of every 2nd row 2 sts. 5 times. Cont. on rem. 14 sts. until armhole measures 9 in., ending at armhole edge.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and alt. rows 2 sts. 3 times, 4 sts. twice. Return to rem. 24 sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond in reverse.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 43 sts. and follow instructions for back. Cont. until work measures 3½ in., ending on right side of work. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 12th row thereafter until 51 sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until work measures 12½ in., ending on the right side of work. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row thereafter until 59 sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 15½ in., ending on the right side of work. Keeping patt. in order, cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 1 st. 12 (14) times, 47 (45) sts. once.

### CUFFS (2)

Using m.c. and No. 3 needles, cast on 45 sts. and k 2 rows. Beg. with 2nd row of

patt. and cont. in patt. until work measures 2 in., ending on a k row.

**Next Row:** Knit.

**Next Row:** Purl.

**Cast off.**

### COLLAR

Using m.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 89 sts. and k 2 rows, then work 2 rows of patt. Change to No. 3 needles and cont. in patt. until work measures 4 in., ending on a k row.

**Next Row:** Knit.

**Next Row:** Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off loosely.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set in sleeves. Join ends of cuffs and collar. Attach cuffs and collar and fold each to the right side.

### RIBBED SLEEVE ENDS (2)

Using c.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 38 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4½ in. Change to No. 5 needles.

**Next Row:** Knit and evenly inc. 8 sts. along row (46 sts.). Work in st-st. until lin. above ribbing. Cast off loosely.

Sew up contrast cuff seams. Attach to sleeve ½ in. in from edge.

### HOOD

Using No. 6 needles and c.c., cast on 121 sts.

**1st Row (right side of work):** K 1, (p 1, k 1), rep. to end.

**2nd Row:** P 1, (k 1, p 1), rep. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows inclusive.

Cont. until work measures 1 in. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. until work measures 6½ in., ending on the 2nd row.

**To Shape Back—Next Row:** Rib 46, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib 23, k 3 tog., turn.

**Next Row:** Sl. 1 purlwise, rib 23, p 3 tog., turn.

**Next Row:** Sl. 1 knitwise, rib 23, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., turn.

Rep. last 2 rows until 25 sts. rem. in the centre and all sts. are worked off on each side.

Using a spare fine needle, pick up 22 loops beyond the 25 sts. Using needle with the 25 sts. on it, work in rib across the 22 loops and evenly inc. 10 sts., cast on 8 sts. (65 sts.).

**Next Row:** P 1, (k 1, p 1) to end of the 65 sts.

Using a spare fine needle, pick up 22 loops beyond the 65 sts. and cont. in rib, evenly inc. 10 sts. across the 22 loops, cast on 8 sts. (105 sts.).

**Next Row:** Rib 100 sts., cast off 3 sts. ribwise, rib 2 sts.

**Next Row:** Rib 2, cast on 3 sts., rib to end.

Work 8 rows.

**Next Row:** Rib 34, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), k 1, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), rib 35, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), k 1, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), rib 34 (113 sts.).

Work 5 rows.

**Next Row:** Rib 36, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), k 1, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), rib 39, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), k 1, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), rib 31, cast off 3 sts. ribwise, rib 2.

**Next Row:** Rib 2, cast on 3 sts., rib to end (121 sts.).

Work 4 rows.

**Next Row:** Rib 38, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), k 1, pick up loop between



**CONTRASTING** hood fits snugly against the cold. Directions for sweater, cuffs, and hood complete on this page.

**HIS AND HERS** bulky knits made from same pattern. Directions begin at left below and are continued overleaf.

(k 1, p 1 into it), rib 43, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), k 1, pick up loop between (k 1, p 1 into it), rib 38 (129 sts.).

Work 1 row. Cast off loosely ribwise. Sew on 2 buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

### TIE BELT

Using No. 5 needles and c.c., cast on 9 sts.

**1st Row:** Sl. 1, (p 1, k 1), rep. to end.

**2nd Row:** Sl. 1, (k 1, p 1), rep. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows inclusive. Cont. until belt measures 53 in. Cast off ribwise.

## His and hers bulky knits

**Materials:** 10 (11) balls main color, 2 (2) balls natural, 1 (1) ball black Villawool Slalom Ski and Sports Yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 4 and 5 needles; 1 cable needle (C.N.).

**Measurements:** To fit chest 34 (40) in.; length, 25 in. for her, 27 in. for him; sleeve, 17½ in. for her, 20 in. for him.

**Tension:** 4 sts. to lin.

**Pattern of Stripes—**in stocking-stitch: 2 rows natural, 2 rows black, 4 rows natural; 6 rows black, 4 rows natural, 2 rows black; 2 rows natural.

### BACK

\*\* Using main color and No. 5 needles, cast on 67 (75) sts. and work 7 rows in st-st.

**Next Row:** Knit into the back of every stitch to end (fold of hem row).

**Next Row:** Knit.

**Next Row:** Purl.

Continued overleaf







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Brass Indian Rose Bowl—Farrow's, Sydney.

Handknits for the snow country

## AFTER-SKI WEAR CABLE BLOUSE

**Materials:** 20 (B 21, C 22) balls Lincoln Crepette wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 12 knitting needles; 1 cable needle; 1 No. 3 steel crochet hook; 1-3rd yd. petersham ribbon; 1 yd. taffeta; 6 press-studs.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (B 36, C 38) in. bust; length, 24 (B 24½, C 25) in.; sleeve seam, 17 (B 17½, C 17½) in.

**Tension:** 8 sts.; 9 rows to 1 in.

**Abbreviations:** C6, slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle, drop to back of work, k 3, then knit 3 sts. from cable needle.

### PATTERN

**1st Row:** P 2, (k 6, p 2) to end of row.  
**2nd Row:** K 2, (p 6, k 2) to end of row.  
**3rd Row:** As 1st row.  
**4th Row:** As 2nd row.  
**5th Row:** P 2, (c 6, p 2) to end of row.  
**6th Row:** As 2nd row.

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 138 (B 146, C 154) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 14 (B 2, C 2) in.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in patt. as given above, dec. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 4th row foll. until 110 (B 118, C 126) sts. rem. (Patt. now begins and ends with k 2.)

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 9 (B 9½, C 9½) in. from cast-on. Place marker in work at centre row to mark waistline. Keeping continuity of patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 4th row foll. until there are 138 (B 146, C 154) sts. on needles, working extra sts. into cables when sufficient sts. have been inc. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 16½ (B 17, C 17) in. from cast-on (or length required).

**Armhole Shaping:** Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 9 (B 10, C 11) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row foll. until 106 (B 110, C 114) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 5½ (B 5½, C 5½) in., measured on straight, ending with even-numbered row.

**Neck Shaping:** 1st Row: Patt. 33 (B 35, C 37) sts., leave on spare needle, cast off 40 sts. loosely, patt. 33 (B 35, C 37) sts.

Keeping continuity of patt., cast off at neck edge of every alt. row 3 sts. once and 2 sts. 7 times, 16 (B 18, C 20) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 7½ (B 7½, C 8) in. on straight, ending at armhole edge.

**Shoulder Shaping:** \*\* Cast off 8 (B 9, C 10) sts. at armhole edge of next and foll. alt. row. \*\*

Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond with side already worked.

### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 138 (B 146, C 154) sts.

Work to correspond with back until same length as back to waistline marker.

Keeping front edge straight, cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at side seam of every 4th row until 14 in. above waistline marker is complete. Now dec. 1 st. at front edge of every row, at same time still inc. at side seam as before until there are 14 in. in all, then cont. without further shaping at side seam (still dec. at front edge) until work measures same as back to armhole, ending side seam.

**Armhole Shaping:** Still dec. at front edge as before, cast off 9 (B 10, C 10) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge of 3rd and every alt. row foll. 7 (B 8, C 9) times in all. Then without further shaping at armhole edge cont. dec. at front edge of every row until 16 (B 18, C 20) sts. rem., then without further shaping until armhole measures same as back.

**Shoulder Shaping:** Work from \*\* to \*\* of back.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front with shapings at opposite ends of rows.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 (B 60, C 60) sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½ in., ending with a row on right side.

Change to No. 8 needles and p 1 row, inc. 10 (B 10, C 14) sts. evenly across row 66 (B 70, C 74) sts.

Work in patt. (size 36 starts and ends with k 2), inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 6th row foll. until there are 106 (B 110, C 114) sts. on needle (work extra sts. into patt. as enough are inc.).

Cont. without further shaping until sleeve measures 17 (B 17½, C 17½) in. (or length desired).

**Armhole Shaping:** Cast off 9 (B 10, C 10) sts. at beg. of



**CABLE-STITCH TOP** for slacks or a skirt is glamorous yet comfortable for after-ski wear. Directions are complete on this page.

### TO MAKE UP

Press very lightly over thick pad so patt. will not be flattened. Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Work 1 row of d.c. around fronts and neck. Sew a fin. piece of ribbon to right side seam waist for placket and a similar piece to edge of left front.

Attach press-studs to fasten. Join edge from waist to cast-on of right front to side seam of back and left front, and edge from bottom of placket to cast-on of left front to side seam of right front and back. Work 2 rows of d.c. around shaped edge of collar. Using collar as patt., cut taffeta on bias and sew to wrong side of collar. Attach collar to garment with long end of collar to right front, short edge to left front, and fullness eased around back of neck.

next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every 4th row foll. until 80 (B 84, C 88) sts. rem., then in every alt. row until 60 (B 64, C 68) sts. rem., then in every row 10 times. Cast off remainder.

### COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 10 sts. Work in patt., inc. 1 st. at end of each row on right side (working extra sts. into patt.) until there are 82 sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until collar measures 17 (B 17½, C 17½) in. from last inc., then dec. 1 st. at same edge as before in every alt. row until 6 cables rem. (50 sts.).

Still dec. at edge of every alt. row, at same time p 2 tog. in each p 2 rib across row. Work 3 rows, \* dec. 1 st. in each cable rib, work 1 row. \* Rep. from \* to \* until 12 sts. rem. Cast off tightly.

## His and hers bulky knits . . . continued from previous page

### FRONT

Work as back from \*\* to \*\*.

**Shape V Neck:** Next Row: K 37 (41) sts., turn.

Cont. on these 37 (41) sts. and shape neck by dec. 1 st. 10 (12) times at the end of the 2nd and every 4th row thereafter, at the same time, when 3 in. from marker, inc. 1 st. 3 times on armhole edge on the next and foll. 6th rows. Cont. until 30 (32) sts. and armhole measures 8½ (9½) in., ending at armhole edge.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (4) sts. 4 times, 7 (8) sts. twice.

Return to rem. sts. at centre front, slip centre 1 stitch on to holder, join in yarn and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 32 (42) sts.

**1st Row:** K 2, (p 2, k 2), rep. to end.

**2nd Row:** P 2, (k 2, p 2), rep. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until 3 in., ending on the 2nd row.

Change to No. 4 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd and every 6th row thereafter until work measures 13½ (15½) in., ending on a purl row.

Change to patt. of stripes and cont. to inc. as before until 64 (72) sts. Sleeve should now measure 17½ (20) in. (if a longer sleeve is required the extra length must be worked before the patt. of stripes beg., as sleeve top must end with the completed 22 rows of patt. of stripes), ending on a purl row. Cast off loosely.

**To Finish Off:** Press work on the wrong side. Sew up one shoulder seam. Press seam.

### NECKBAND

Using a spare fine needle, pick up 42 (46) sts. on each side of V neck, 1 centre stitch, 20 (26) sts. across back neck. With right side of work facing

and using No. 4 needles, proceed as follows:

**1st Row:** K 41 (45) sts., slip next 2 sts. on to C.N. to front, insert right needle into the 2 sts. on C.N. and through the 1st st. on left needle, knit these 3 sts. tog., k 61 (71) sts.

**2nd Row:** P 60 (70) sts., using C.N. take the 1st off left needle, take the 2nd st. on to right needle, slip 1 st. back on to left needle, and 2nd st. back on to left needle, p 3 tog., p 40 (44) sts.

Work 5 more rows as above working 1 st. less each side of centre V front.

**Next Row:** Knit into back of every st. to end for fold of facing row.

Change to No. 5 needles, beg. with a knit row and work 7 rows altog., inc. 1 st. each side of centre V front every row. Cast off. Sew up shoulder seam and neckband ends. Press seam. Fold facing in half to inside and st-st. down. Sew up sleeve and side seams to markers. Press seams. Set in sleeves.



# FAIR ISLE TRIM GIVES GLAMOR

● This jumper and jacket in dazzling white have multi-colored Fair Isle trimming.

## LONG JACKET WITH COWL

**Materials:** 28 balls white, 2 balls royal-blue, 1 ball red Patons Totem knitting wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; 24in. zip-fastener; 4yd. 2in.-wide silk ribbon; hook, eye.

**Measurements:** To fit 34, 36in. bust; length, 24in.; sleeve, 18in.

**Tension:** 12 sts. to 2in. over st-st.

### BACK

Using white wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 109 sts. and work in st-st. for 14in. for hem. Change to No. 8 needles, cont. in st-st. until work measures 44in. from beg.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of every 16th row 5 times (119 sts.).

Cont. without shaping until work measures 16in. from beg., ending with a purl row.

Shape raglan armholes as follows:

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

3rd Row (right side): K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows 33 times.

Cast off rem. 45 sts. for neck.

### LEFT FRONT

Using white wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 43 sts.

Work in st-st., shaping side seam as for back (48 sts.).

When armhole is reached shape raglan as follows:

1st Row (right side): Cast off 3 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to end of row.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows 33 times, but at the same time shape neck in 51st row from beg. of armhole by casting off 1 st. at front edge every alt. row 10 times so that all sts. are used up when raglan shaping is completed.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, reversing shapings.

### SLEEVES

Using white wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 52 sts. and work in rib k 1, p 1 for 2in.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st. as follows:

1st Row: K 21, inc. 9 sts. evenly spaced across these 21 sts., cast on 1 st. after these 30 sts. Slip these 31 sts. on spare needle.

Cast off foll. centre 10 sts., cast on 1 st., then inc. over rem. 21 sts. as for first part (31 sts.).

Work on last 31 sts., inc. 1 st. at outside edge every 10th row 12 times (43 sts.) and keeping inner edge straight.

When work measures 16in. from cuff, shape raglan armhole at side seam as given for left front. Cast off rem. 7 sts. at once. Take up 31 sts. left on spare needle and work to correspond, reversing shapings.

### FAIR ISLE BAND FOR SLEEVES

#### (Make Two)

Using white wool and No. 8 needles, cast on 155 sts.

1st Row (wrong side): Knit in white.

2nd Row: Knit in royal-blue.

3rd Row: Purl in royal-blue.

4th Row: K 5 w., \* 1 r., 7 w., rep. from \* to last 6 sts., k 1 r., 5 w.

5th Row: P 4 w., \* 3 r., 5 w., rep. from \* to last 7 sts., p 3 r., 4 w.

6th Row: \* K 3 w., 5 r., rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3 w.

7th Row: P 2 w., \* 7 r., 1 w., rep. from \* to last st., k 1 w.

8th Row: Rep. 6th row.

9th Row: Rep. 5th row.

10th Row: Rep. 4th row.

11th Row: As 3rd row.

12th Row: As 2nd row.

13th and 14th Rows: Purl in white. Cast off.

Sew Fair Isle bands in sleeves, join sleeve and side seams, insert sleeves, keeping one knit st. between dec. line of armhole.

### COWL

With right side of work facing and using white wool and No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 14 sts. on right front neck, 15 sts. on sleeve, 42 sts. on back neck, 15 sts. on sleeve, and 14 sts. on left front neck (100 sts.).

2nd Row (wrong side): K 1, \* p 2, k 1, rep. from \* to end of row.

3rd Row: K 1, \* k 2, p 1, rep. from \* ending with k 1 instead of p 1.

Rep. these 2 rows twice and 2nd row once.

9th Row (right side): K 1, \* k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from \* ending with k 1 instead of p 1 (67 sts.).

10th Row: K 1, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end.

Rep. 10th row 6 times.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. before and after 3 centre sts. every 6th row 7 times (81 sts.).

Cont. without shaping until work measures 64in. from ribbed neckband.

Now dec. 1 st. before and after centre 3 sts. every 4th row 8 times and every alt. row 3 times. Cast off.

Fold in half with right sides facing and join cast-off edges.

**FAIR ISLE FRONT AND COWL EDGING**

Using white wool and No. 8 needles, cast on 429 sts.

Work rows 1 to 12 as given for Fair Isle band on sleeve, but beg. and ending with 1 white st. extra each end.

13th to 20th Rows: Using white, work in st-st.

21st and 22nd Rows: Using royal-blue, work in st-st.

23rd and 24th Rows: Using royal-blue, purl.

25th to 46th Rows: Using white, work in st-st. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Using a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

Turn hem inwards round lower edge and sl-st. on wrong side.

Place Fair Isle band and cowl edging in position, cast-on edge to front edge. Fold facing to wrong side and sl-st. Insert zip-fastener. Sl-st. together lower edges of front bands.

Face ribbed neckband with silk ribbon to prevent stretching.

Sew hook, eye 1in. above zip.

## SWEATER WITH POLO NECK

**Materials:** 18 balls main color (m.c.), 3 balls 1st contrasting color (c.c.1), 2 balls 2nd contrasting color (c.c.2) Patons Jet Triple Knit knitting wool; 1 pr. and a set of four No. 5 knitting needles; 5in. zip-fastener.

**Measurements:** To fit 34in. bust; length, 234in.; sleeve, 18in.

**Tension:** 9 sts. to 2in.

### BACK

Using pair of No. 5 needles and c.c.2, cast on 69 sts. Knit 1 row.

Now work in patt. (24 rows) as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: C.c.1, knit.

3rd Row: M.c., k 1, \* k 3, with wool at back of work slip 1 st. purlwise, rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 4.

4th Row: M.c., k 4, \* bring wool to front of work and slip 1 purlwise, k 3, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

5th Row: C.c.1, k 1, \* k 1,

with wool at back slip 1 purlwise, k 2, rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 1, sl. 1 purlwise, k 2.

6th Row: C.c.1, k 2, bring wool to front of work, sl. 1 purlwise, k 1, \* k 2, sl. 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

7th and 8th Rows: M.c., rep. 3rd and 4th rows.

9th and 10 Rows: C.c.1, rep. 5th and 6th rows.

11th and 12th Rows: C.c.1, k 1, \* k 3, with wool at back sl. 1 purlwise, rep. from \* to last 4 sts., k 4.

13th and 14th Rows: C.c.2, rep. 5th and 6th rows.

15th and 16th Rows: C.c.1, rep. 11th and 12th rows.

17th and 18th Rows: C.c.2, rep. 13th and 14th rows.

19th and 20th Rows: C.c.1, rep. 15th and 16th rows.

21st and 22nd Rows: C.c.1, knit.

23rd and 24th Rows: C.c.2, knit.

Change to m.c. and st-st., \* k 7, inc. in next st., rep. from \* to last 5 sts., k 5 (77 sts.).

Cont. in st-st., inc. one st. at each end of needle in every 12th row until 85 sts. are on needle. Cont. without shaping until work measures 214in. from beg., ending with a purl row.

**To Shape Neck:** K 36 and leave on st-holder. Cast off 13 sts., k 36. Work on these last 36 sts.

Cast off 3 sts. at neck edge in every alt. row 4 times. When 6 sts. have been cast off at neck edge, start to shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge in next and every alt. row 3 times.

Join in wool at neck edge and work the other side (36 sts.) to correspond, reversing shapings.

### FRONT

Work as given for back until work measures 184in. from beg., ending with a purl row.

Next Row: K 38 sts. and leave on st-holder. Cast off 9, k 38. Now work on these last 38 sts. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge in every alt. row 4 times, then 1 st. 6 times. When work measures same as back, shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every alt. row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond, reversing shapings.

### SLEEVES

With a pair of needles and c.c.2, cast on 29 sts., knit 1 row. Patt. 24 rows. Change to m.c. and st-st.

Next Row: Inc. in 1st and

2nd sts. \* K 1, inc. in next st., rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 1, inc. in the last two sts. (45 sts.).

Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of needle in every 8th row until 65 sts. on needle.

Cont. straight until work measures 16in. from beg. of cast-on row, ending with a purl row.

Inc. 1 st. at the end of every row 12 times (77 sts.).

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times, then cast off rem. 17 sts.

### TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and a warm iron, press lightly.

Join shoulder seams, sew in sleeves. Using set of four needles and c.c.2, starting at centre of back, pick up 94 sts. evenly around neck edge. Working backwards and forwards knit 1 row, then work 22 rows in patt.

23rd Row: K 2 tog. right along the row (77 sts.).

24th Row: Patt. to end.

Change to m.c. and st-st., work straight for 24in. Cast off.

Fold collar in half and sl-st. on wrong side. Join side and sleeve seams, sew in zip, finally press all seams.

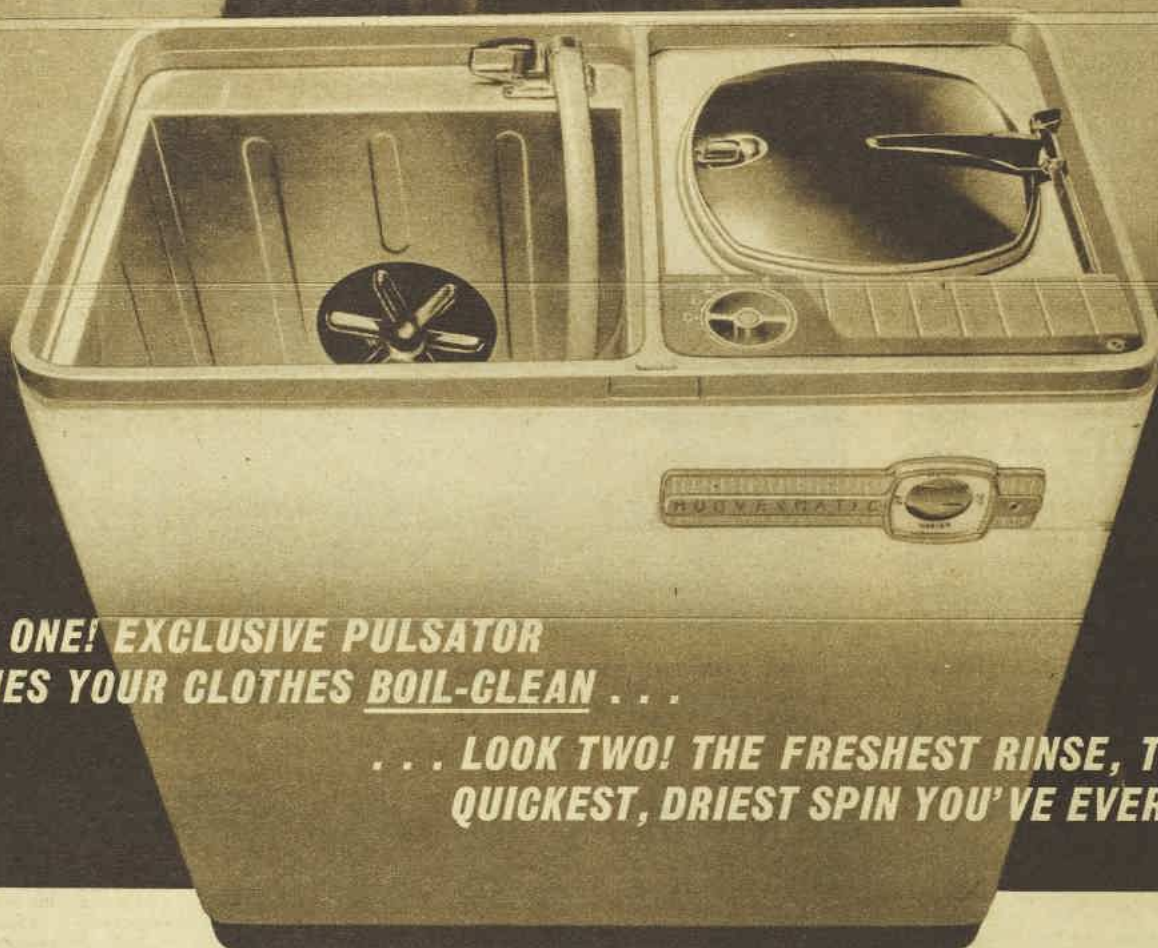


SET FOR THE SNOW are these two striking ski-ing designs with Fair Isle trimming. Directions for the polo-neck jumper are given below, and directions for the zip-fronted jacket with cowl are at left. The sleeves on this cowed jacket have Fair Isle bands.



# LOOK TWICE

AT THE  
TWIN-TUB  
HOOVERMATIC



**LOOK ONE! EXCLUSIVE PULSATOR  
WASHES YOUR CLOTHES BOIL-CLEAN . . .**

**. . . LOOK TWO! THE FRESHEST RINSE, THE  
QUICKEST, DRIEST SPIN YOU'VE EVER SEEN!**

**NOW  
TAKE A  
LONG, LONG  
LOOK AT  
ALL THESE  
EXCLUSIVE  
FEATURES**



**TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE  
SPEED** While one load is being  
washed another is rinsed and  
spin-dried. The extra-speedy  
spin-drier removes every last  
drop of washing water, pump-  
ing it back into the washing  
compartment for further loads.  
There's no time lost, no wasted  
water and soap.



**HOOVERMATIC'S EXCLUSIVE  
'BOILING ACTION' PULSATOR**  
swirls swift currents of sudsy  
water through every part of  
every garment. In just four  
minutes a full load of whites  
(one minute does your  
woollens) is *boil-clean*,  
ready for rinsing and spin-  
drying. No other washer  
can wash so clean.



**EXTRA SPEEDY RINSE AND  
SPIN-DRY** does a full wash-  
load at once — it even takes  
your biggest double blanket  
with ease. Only fresh water  
is used for rinsing and the  
Hoovermatic's extra speedy  
spin drying leaves your  
clothes barely damp — some  
items are even ready for you  
to iron right away.



**AUTOMATIC TIMER AND SPIN-  
DRIER SWITCH.** Hoover-  
matic's timer stops washing  
action automatically when  
your wash is at its cleanest.  
You just set and forget. The  
speedy rinse and spin-drier  
switches itself on when you  
close the safety lid, switches  
off when you open it.  
Completely safe, always!



**HOOVERMATIC WITH HEATER**  
If you find hot water a  
problem where you live,  
you'll prefer the Hoover-  
matic with built-in heater.  
It heats the water right to  
boiling point, right in the  
washing tub. Ask your  
Hoover retailer about it.  
And the cost — just a few  
pounds more.

Price 126 guineas



Heater model 7 gns. extra\* Easy terms, of course

# HOOVERMATIC

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# Famous babies of 1960



PRINCE ANDREW

● Prince Andrew hasn't yet chummed up with anybody his own age—just hasn't had the time. Perhaps later, however, he'll meet some of these other well-known babies, all born early in 1960.



BRITAIN'S former top model Barbara Goalen (Mrs. Nigel Campbell), above, shows her new baby, Charlotte, to 3-year-old daughter Emma. Barbara is 39.



TWIN daughters Diana (left) and Catherine were born in January to Royal Ballet ballerina Maryon Lee and husband, David Blair, a principal ballet dancer.



HERO'S SON: Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., his wife, Sue, and baby Jeremy. The Cheshires help unfortunates and Cheshire homes are now in England, India, Poland, Germany, Malaya, Nigeria, Eire.

FILM-STAR mother Brigitte Bardot and her husband, Jacques Charrier, with their baby son Nicolas. At right is godmother Mrs. Couze Renal. All are at the Charriers', in Paris.



PRINCESS Katarina of Yugoslavia (with mother, Princess Margarita) is Philip's grand-niece, so is sure to meet Andrew.



JAPAN'S infant Prince Hiro, son of Crown Prince Akihito and Crown Princess Michiko, is heir-apparent to the throne.







*Coty*

LOOKS SO NATURAL  
...COVERS SO  
COMPLETELY!



*liquid foundation*



*(cream for dry skins)*



*covers completely*



*without smother*



*banishes flaws.*



*vanishes shadows*



*hides lines*



*takes and holds*



*powder for hours*



*without touch-up*

COTY "INSTANT BEAUTY"

LOTION OR CREAM

10's

FIVE BEAUTIFUL SHADES



# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Here are some time- and money-saving hints to simplify household chores. Those which have been sent in by readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.

**I**f you spill coffee on your best white tablecloth, act quickly. Stretch the stained part over a bowl, secure with elastic band. Pour boiling water through stain, holding spout of kettle two or three feet above stain. Follow with tepid water. Leave to steep, and wash in usual way.

£1/1/- prize to Mrs. T. A. Bewick, Box 23, Sheffield, Tas.

**A**n asbestos cooking mat, tacked to the end of the ironing board, makes an economical and

permanent rest for the iron. It can be removed quickly when the cover of the board needs laundering.

£1/1/- prize to Mrs. A. Boquest, 17 Leonard Ave., Noble Park, Vic.

**W**hen mending sheets that have worn thin in the centre, instead of cutting up centre of sheet and across, unpick hems at top and bottom and join them.

Send your hint to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/1/- for every one used.

You then have a good strong centre, because the top and bottom of sheets do not get as much wear as the middle.

£1/1/- prize to Mrs. H. Clay, 138 Bransgrove Rd., Panania, N.S.W.

**T**o remove old wallpaper, dissolve some alum in a bucket of water—use as much alum as the water will absorb. Then put it on the wallpaper with a large paint brush and leave to dry. The paper will peel off easily when thoroughly dry.

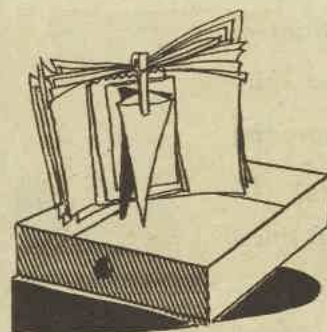
£1/1/- prize to Mrs. C. Preston, 2/323 Bronte Rd., Waverley, N.S.W.



**NURSERY CUPBOARD** that has been outgrown can be used as a linen-chest by transferring the legs to the back and replacing the drawer with a door. It would store toys, too.



**USEFUL PLASTIC** cuff-covers made from pieces of material joined into a circle with lengths of elastic run through top and bottom. Make a full-trimmed apron to match.



**CLOTHES PEG** will keep those bills and important bits of paper neat and tidy. This way they will also take up less space and are less likely to get lost.



**CARPET CLEANING** is easy if the carpets have been protected by the new silicone treatment. Spilled ink, milk, or any other substance is quickly and easily mopped up (as shown above) from the carpet, leaving no stain. The silicone makes carpets moth and insect proof, and can be used on any carpets.

The MOTHER'S  
DAY GIFT...  
with the MAGIC  
DIFFERENCE



BUILT ESPECIALLY FOR THE MUSIC LOVER

**KRIESLER  
PANORAMIC**

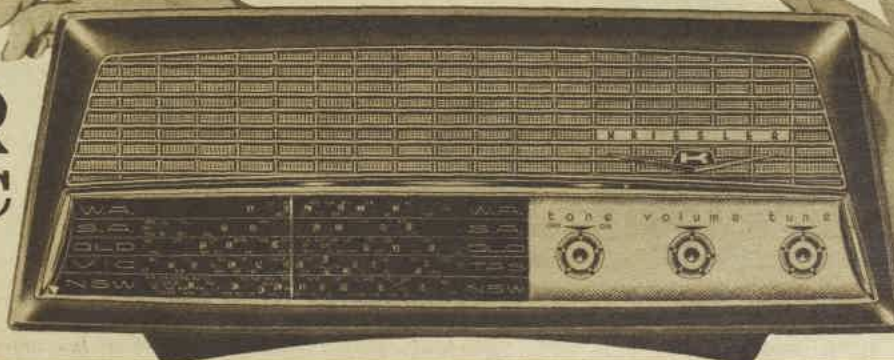
*The Best in Sight and Sound*

FROM 23 GNS. ABOUT 5/6 WEEKLY

Bring new joy and beauty into her life, with  
**MAGNIFICENT MUSIC...SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT...**  
**JEWEL-BEAUTY FOR THE HOME.**  
A Gay Companion for every waking hour...in every room.

Such a change from the usual Mother's Day gifts... give a new "Panoramic" Radio for superb new entertainment, and new beauty! Anywhere in the home, working or relaxing, Kriesler "Panoramic" will be a gift to enjoy and treasure—for years!

★ **FLOATING "FREE-LINE" STYLING** blends perfectly with any furnishings...choice of latest fashion colours ★ **ONE-HAND "FINGER-TIP" CONTROL SYSTEM** makes tuning so easy ★ **FULL-WIDTH PANORAMIC SOUND** brings her "living presence" entertainment.





# NEW FURNITURE WITH SIMPLE LINES AND VIVID COLORS

● Modern furniture being displayed at the N.S.W. Guild of Furniture Manufacturers' exhibition at Sydney Showground from May 10 to May 14 features simple, clear-cut lines, a lavish use of color, easy-to-clean fabrics, and interesting new textures to give contrast.

*RED CANE FURNITURE with wool-mohair upholstery, set against a gold wall, gives the room at right an oriental effect. A striking mural in metallic paint forms the background.*



*CONVERTIBLE LOUNGE and fibre-glass fabric curtains are features of the Danish-style living-room above.*



*FOUR-SEATER LOUNGE in cocoa-colored rough-textured tweed is processed for easy cleaning. The cotton curtains repeat the color scheme of beige and gold, and the reading-lamps have gold-finished laminated shades. Curtains are printed in Australia.*

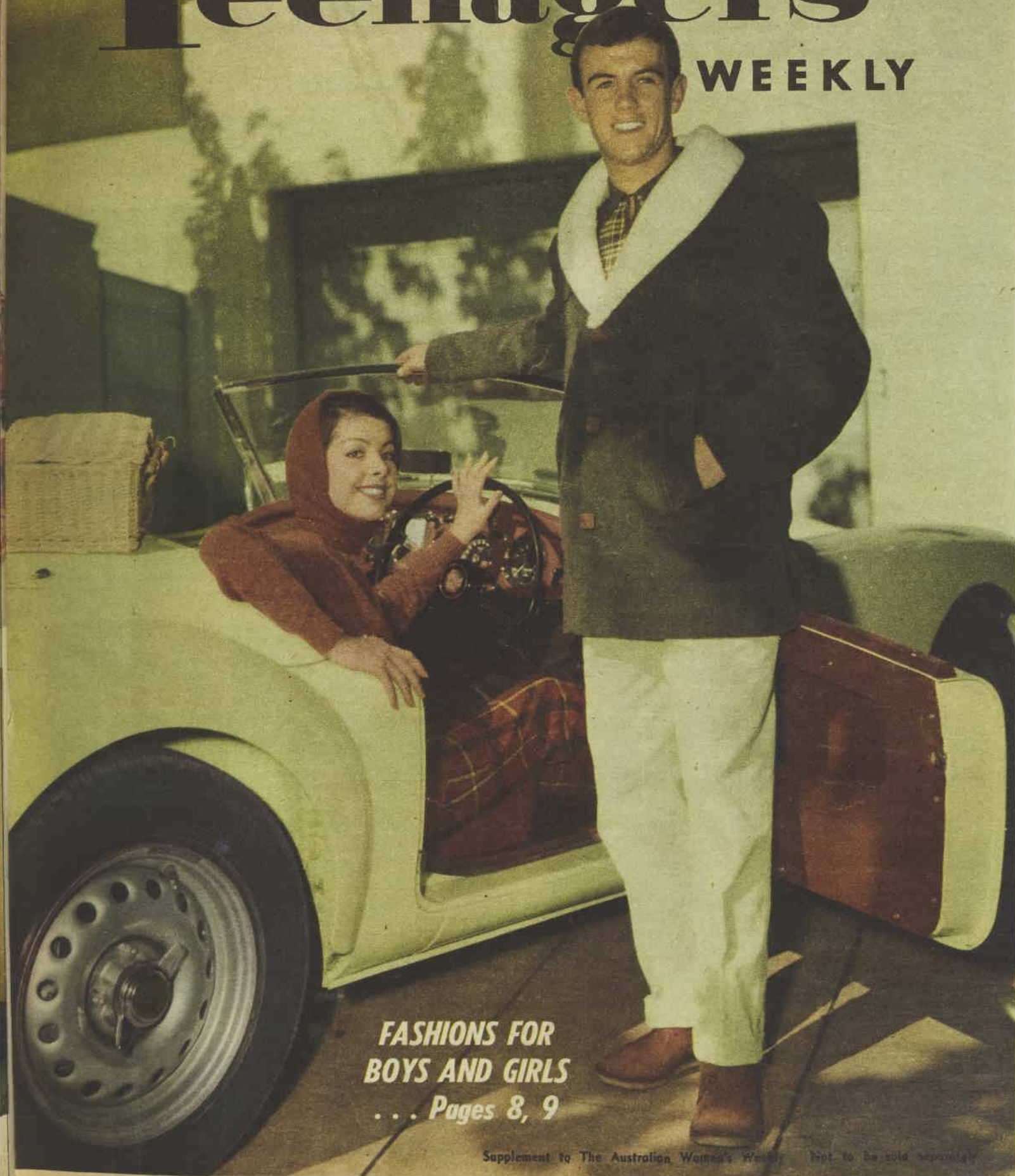


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 11, 1960

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



**FASHIONS FOR  
BOYS AND GIRLS  
... Pages 8, 9**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## First date will be the last

I HAD my first date with a boy last week, and from the way he behaved it will probably be my last for quite a while. We went to the pictures and both stood in the queue, paying our own admissions. Inside the theatre, he grabbed my hand and held it tightly, and after the newsreel his arm was around my shoulders. Refreshments consisted of "Have a chewie?" and as the film progressed so did his advances. At the front gate I eluded him and escaped inside, my faith in boys shattered. Are they all like this, or was I just unlucky? — "Janet," Traralgon, Vic.

## No steady

I AGREE with "Shead" (T.W., 6/4/60) that there is plenty of time for romance and steady dating later on. I am a girl of 14 and am fancy free. I attend school functions, dances, pictures, and a mixed group on Sunday afternoons and I am very friendly with the boys who attend these functions. I am often teased by my girlfriends who go everywhere with a steady and never meet other boys. I have always enjoyed myself and had a wonderful time meeting a variety of boys and am positive that teenagers still going to school can have an exciting time without a steady date. — Janice Hodges, Maitland, N.S.W.

## Asian custom

THIS is to comfort all those Australian girls who complain when their parents once in a while say they can't go to this dance or that. Asian girls, especially Indians, never associate with boys until their wedding day, when they meet the men (usually twice as old as themselves) their fathers betrothed them to when they were babies. And in a strict Hindu home, if by chance a younger daughter does fall in love, she cannot marry before the older ones marry. As for young girls going to dances, it is not heard of! — Suzanne Harper, Malaya.



SUZANNE HARPER  
... no dates at all

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Girls can help

AS a New Australian worried about his poor English, George Terci (T.W., 6/4/60) seemed sceptical of advice that an Australian girl-friend would be able to help him with the language, including Shakespeare. Recently I met a New Australian boy and found him very interesting, especially when he talked about his home country. Although his English wasn't very good I didn't mind at all, so I am sure if George found the right type of girl she wouldn't mind either. My friend says he has learnt quite a few things about the English language by talking to me. — "Happy Aussie," Armidale, N.S.W.

AS a girl, I would advise George Terci to leave "Richard II" at home when he goes out on a date. Girls would be much more appreciative of "Romeo and Juliet." — Carol Read, New Town, Tas.

## "Boils" condemned

WHEN will teenage males start dressing like the young men they are supposed to be instead of like the girls that they look like. Last week at the beach I saw a group of "boils" (boy-girls) wearing extremely bright and effeminate clothes. One was in a purple shirt and red jeans, another in a red shirt and green trousers. This kind of attire is extremely unflattering to young manhood. — Mary T. Moos, Eastwood, N.S.W.

## Boys unimpressed

SATURDAY night I went to the pictures with some of my friends. We were dressed in our best dresses and wore little jewellery. One of the girls of our age (11) wore eyebrow pencil, eye-shadow, beauty-spot, and lipstick. We thought the boys would flirt with her, but to our surprise they told her to go home and try to be her own age. — Shan O'Brien, Mundubbera, Qld.

## Horse sense

"REDGRAZE" (T.W., 6/4/60) said horse-racing was not "common." Although I personally do not go to the races, I can see nothing against it. The reason I don't go is because I know a bookmaker. He works about twice a week, yet he is almost a millionaire. Somebody has to lose at the races, and a friend tells me it is usually the punters. He says "If you have money to lose, by all means go to the races, but seeing as you haven't, stay away and work for your money, then keep it." — Winsome Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

## South Africa

MOST Australians view the events in South Africa with horror and repulsion. I couldn't agree with them more, but before we point the finger of scorn at the whites in South Africa we should consider the old proverb "People in glass houses should never throw stones." How do we treat our own aborigines? We barged into their happy way of life, upset their old customs, and murdered many. Those who survived are not allowed any social privileges, are not permitted to vote, and are banished to aboriginal reserves. These people have more right to this country than we have. Wouldn't it be nice to give them a fair go and treat them as equals. — L. Page, Lindfield, N.S.W.

## Aborigines' future

AS an Australian aboriginal, I often wonder why some white Australians are so narrow-minded. Most aborigines are branded as no-hopers and alcoholics. Despite all that has been said against our original Australians, I maintain there are

many who have good morals, high principles, and have taken their place in society with pride and dignity. Aborigines have contributed much in culture and excel in music and art. Yet many white Australians seem to be determined to maintain a system of segregation. I believe that in this atomic age my race will rise above their dismal surroundings to heights undreamed of and take their place among society. — Cyril Richards, Brisbane.

## Opera and rock

IN Adelaide we recently held a most successful Festival of Arts. This has proved teenagers are interested in art and culture. At every show and exhibition there were as many young people as adults. Many kids attended an opera one night and went to the rock-n-roll show the next, and enjoyed both. — "Meg," Grosvenor Park, S.A.

## Hair contest

OUR form mistress recently suggested a competition on "Who has the nicest hair?" On the set day, all the girls arrived at school with well-washed and brushed, silky, glossy hair. The teacher couldn't pick the best. "You are all so lovely," she said. This is good encouragement for the girls to show how nice they can make themselves if they really try. — Deidre Ford, East Brighton, Vic.



LORRAINE PARKINSON  
... etiquette problem

## With one or all?

WHEN a boy invites a girl to a dance, should she dance with him the whole evening or, if other boys ask her to dance, should she dance with them, too? — Lorraine Parkinson, Cessnock, N.S.W.

## Hitch-hiking

I WOULD be interested to hear views concerning hitch-hiking in the various States. In Tasmania hitch-hiking is generally accepted as relatively safe. I believe that in other States this is not so. Could anyone account for this? — "Hitch-hiker," Tas.

## Against mothers working

● Most teenagers don't like the idea of mothers going out to work, according to the replies to Diana Arthur (T.W., 6/4/60). Diana said she was grateful to her mother for working and that her family benefited.

## For . . .

I AGREE with Diana that working mothers should be praised, not criticised. When a mother goes out working, it not only gives her a change from the house but helps the family finances. The children can be given chores to do which prevent them from roaming the streets and, as Diana says, it gives you a sense of responsibility. — Joy Nicholls, Mildura, Vic.

THREE cheers for Diana. Our mum has been working to keep up three girls and herself for 11 years. My elder sister is doing matric, I am in third form, and my young sister sits for her scholarship this year. I know many working mothers apart from ours, and I think they are doing a wonderful job. We are very proud of ours. — "Cathy," Ascot Vale, Vic.

## . . . and against

IF we all had working mothers we would be quite rich in no time, but a home is not properly looked after if the mother is at work. Recently, my mother was in hospital for a week and I was left to do all the household chores. During the day I would attend school, and it was surprising to see what a muddle

the house was in at the end of the week. I am all against mothers working. I become furious when I see married women working in offices where young girls should be; instead the girls have to be employed as maids. — "Unemployed," Stanthorpe, Qld.

I THINK that Diana is selfish. Has she thought that because she is better off because her mother works that someone else might be worse off? Her mother is probably keeping a single girl out of a position. This year several girls and boys I know had to return to school because they were unable to obtain positions. — (Miss) M. Clancy, Narrogin, W.A.

UNLESS a mother is a widow or has about seven children and her husband doesn't earn much she shouldn't work because there are young girls and boys walking the streets every day looking for jobs. They can not find work because married women have the good jobs instead of looking after their children. — Myrine Barlow, Newcastle, N.S.W.

IN Diana's case it is fine, as the children are older and able to look after themselves. The criticisms are against mothers who leave small children without adult supervision.

Many from the age of five onwards are left to come home from school and wait one or two hours for Mum or Dad to get home from work. It is not so bad in the summer, but a cold house and maybe wet clothes in the winter is a different story. Let mothers work if they wish, or really have to, but first they should arrange for someone to mind their children during the hours they are not at school. — Anne Patterson (14), Geelong, Vic.

IF there weren't so many working mothers maybe single girls who are out of work might be able to find jobs. My parents reared a family of 11 and we are all well cared for. My father is only an ordinary working man, but my mother never had to go to work. — Lorraine Weston, Bowen, Qld.

## Underwater danger

IN an article about skin-diving with an aqualung in our April 27 issue, divers were wrongly advised: "Always hold your breath as you rise to the surface." The paragraph should have read: "NEVER hold your breath as you rise to the surface—but breathe normally."



# Putting on dog is right in fashion

by Kirsten Ward

● A girl and her dog have gone into partnership in Sydney—in a business where a dog's manners really count.

THE girl is Mireille Gerardy, of Gordon. The dog is Emmerill Delicious. And they're all set to take the fashion world by storm.

Emmerill Delicious — his friends call him John Pierre — has been specially imported from England for Mireille to use in her modelling work.

Mireille, who is 19, couldn't have picked a better partner. John Pierre is charming and completely irresistible.

He is only nine inches high and as light as thistledown. He has the cutest little top-knot — tied with a different colored bow for each day of the week — and a pink diamante-studded collar for special occasions.

"He's always trying to take the ribbons off," said Mireille. "But, of course, he'll have to learn — with hair all over his face, it looks like a bad perm."

To be socially acceptable in poodle circles, a poodle must be just the right size.

A Toy — John Pierre is the only Toy Poodle in New South Wales — is allowed to grow to 11 inches at the shoulder, a Miniature Poodle to 15 inches. A mere common poodle can be taller.

At nine months and nine inches John Pierre is fully grown.

His coat is fine and soft, his nose and the pads of his paws are black and almond-shaped, as befits a Toy Poodle with a family tree as long as your arm.

He's had a trying time of it these past few months.

On the way to Australia he was shorn to tropical garb crossing the Red Sea. Then came the quarantine and vaccinations, which he didn't like at all, and — horror of horrors — a bath with washing blue to make him sparkling white.

## Color rinses

His grooming is meticulous, as it has to be with any high-fashion model. Mireille does this herself, though it can be done by professional poodle groomers.

She plans to put color rinses through John Pierre's coat to mix and match with her own outfits.

"It doesn't hurt him at all — and he'll probably be so vain by then that he'll enjoy it," she said.

Mireille said she was getting used to taking second place in the partnership.

"I can see people are going to ask for the poodle with the model, not the model with the poodle," she said. "But I can understand that — he's so adorable."

Mireille herself is a stunner. She is tall and slender with black hair, creamy complexion, and dark slanted eyes.

John Pierre already has his name on the books of the agents — and he gets his percentage on every job.

So he should, according to Mireille.

"Everywhere we go he's made a fuss of — it's lucky he's obedient and friendly," she said.

"We went to an advertising agency to ask about a job. They said, 'He's perfect for the job — just right. Just what we wanted.' Not a word about me."

Smiling fondly at her partner, she added: "John Pierre got us that job on his own."



MODEL PARTNERS Mireille and John Pierre pose in the garden of her home. Most models have only their own looks to worry about, but below we see that Mireille, after finishing her own make-up, has to attend to John Pierre, who has his own grooming kit.

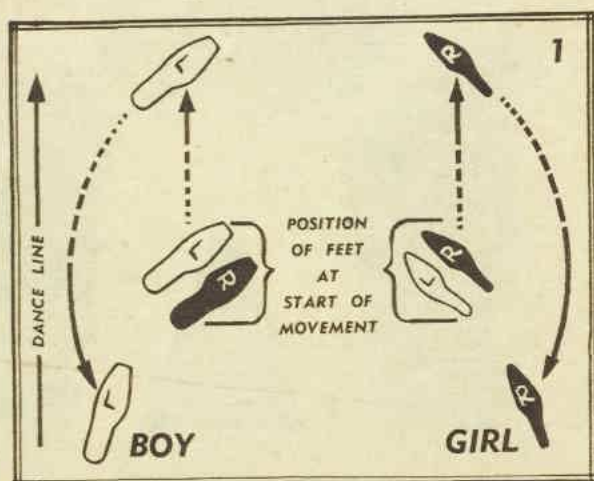




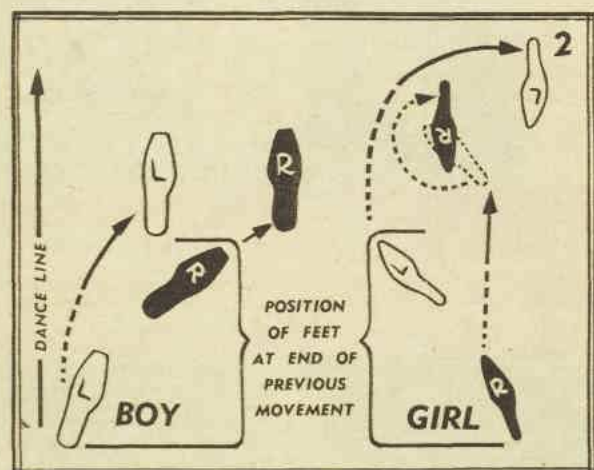
# How to dance



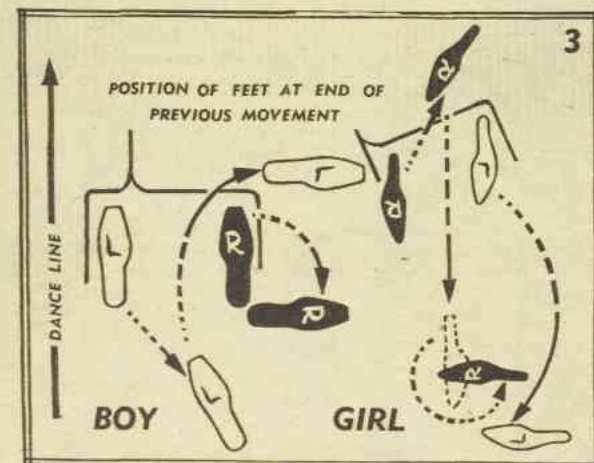
## Basic step



## Underarm right turn



## Underarm left turn



# ROCK-'n-ROLL

● The rhythm of rock-'n-roll is irresistible; it's catchy and gay, and wonderful for dancing.

IT is an essentially individual dance. There are no rules, and only a few basic steps as a guide.

But once you know the elementary steps, and really dig the beat, you're all set for a marvellous time.

Officials of the George and Mavis Weiss School of Dancing, Sydney, who supplied these instructions, say that the hold is important.

The boy should hold his left hand just below his partner's shoulderline and, when turning the girl, hold her hand between his thumb and forefinger.

Start in a semi-promenade position, and let the arms move with the body into the rhythm.

Now choose a rock-'n-roll number with a strong beat and begin!

### Basic step:

**GIRL:** 1. Move to the side on your right foot. 2. Move your weight back on to the left foot. 3. Step back on to your right foot, placing it just behind the left foot. 4. Replace weight on your left foot.

**BOY** does exactly opposite.

### Underarm right turn:

**GIRL:** 1. Step forward on to your right foot. 2. Step to the side on your left foot,

turning to the right under the boy's left arm.

**BOY:** 1. Step on the left foot, and raise your left arm above your partner's head, turning slightly to the left. 2. Move on to your right foot, side-step, and turn the girl to her right, underarm, continuing to turn left.

### Underarm left turn:

**GIRL:** 1. Back on right foot. 2. Replace your weight on the left foot. 3. Step sideways with your right foot, starting to turn underarm to the left. 4. Step sideways on your left foot, still turning to the left.

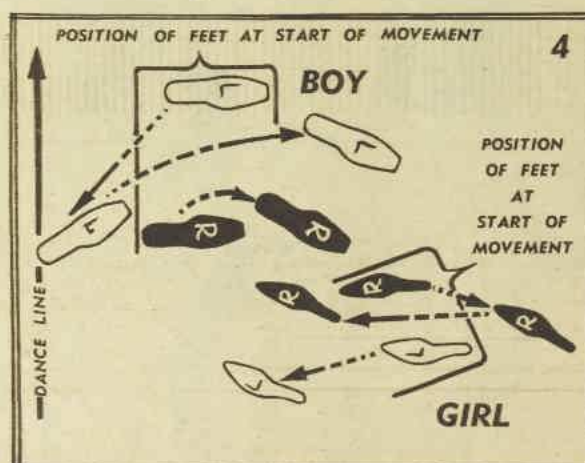
**BOY:** 1. Back on left foot. 2. Forward on right foot, replacing your weight. 3. Left foot to the side, turn the girl to her left, while you begin to turn right. 4. Move your right foot slightly to the side, continuing to turn right to face your partner.

### Final step:

**GIRL:** 1. Back on your right foot. 2. Move your left foot slightly forward, or replace your weight. 3. Step forward on your right foot, turning slightly to the right. 4. Step sideways with your left foot, continuing to turn slightly to the right.

**BOY** does opposite.

## Final step





# THE GIRL I COULD MARRY...

By "The Bachelor"

● Every fellow has an idea in the back of his head about the kind of girl he wants to marry.

USUALLY she's a blue-eyed blonde. This image dates way back to early childhood. Remember the heroine of the fairy-tales? She was always a beautiful maiden imprisoned in a lonely castle until rescued by a gallant knight on a white charger.

One could understand the gallantry of the knights. Due to a happy coincidence the ladies awaiting rescue were always gorgeous creatures with long golden hair and blue eyes.

In early school days the girl, if she's noticed at all, has become a tomboy, still with blue eyes, but her hair is now plaited into blond pigtails that you itch to pull.

Later the pigtails give way to a sleek, sophisticated hair-do. The heroine stops climbing trees, takes to the latest fashions, and develops a gift for repartee.

But as I grew into my later teens I found I could never fall for this type. The fresh outdoor girl was more in my line, but she would still have to be a goldilocks.

## Dark curls

Now at last I have met the one. I first saw her in the bus, of all places, on my way to work. She was sitting across the aisle so I had the opportunity of stealing a few glances.

Nice profile! Pretty dress! The material seemed to have a sort of flower pattern. Dark curls and nice brown eyes.

How on earth could I meet her? Oh, for the horse-and-buggy days! All a fellow had to do then was to wait until a high-spirited horse bolted with his dream-girl in the saddle.

The position these days is much more difficult. Imagine

trying to rescue a girl from a runaway station waggon!

Of course, there was the faint hope that the bus would give a lurch and my D.G. would be deposited in my lap. Wouldn't it be my luck to have a careful driver! She was still in the bus when I got off.

So that was that, I thought, until the following Sunday. It was Easter and there across the aisle — not a bus aisle but a church aisle — was my dream girl.

## Sweet voice

After the service the pastor's wife did the Good Samaritan act and introduced us. Had she noticed the way my eyes strayed during the sermon?

My dream girl's name was Anne and she had only recently come to live in the district. The first thing I noticed was her low, sweet voice.

You can be sure that from then on I became a regular churchgoer and on the third Sunday I asked Anne for a date, and to my delight she accepted.

On the following evening I called at her home and her mother came to the door. A plump, motherly looking woman, she was friendly without being gushy.

"You're Anne's friend, aren't you?" she said with a smile. "Come inside and make yourself at home."

In the living-room I was introduced to the tall lean man who was Anne's father. He was relaxing in a comfortable armchair and did not look at me in the suspicious sort of way that some fathers do. He merely shook hands, then pointed to another comfortable armchair.

"That chair's suitable for waiting in," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "You know what women are," he added as he handed me a piece of the evening newspaper.

I liked Anne's parents be-

cause they made no effort to impress and I hoped she would follow their example.

I settled down to wait for about half an hour, but only five minutes later Anne walked into the living-room. She was wearing a light blue coat over a frock of some white clinging material. She wore the minimum of make-up, and looked as fresh as a flower.

She greeted me with a warm smile. "Hello, Jim. Sorry to keep you waiting. I see you've met Mum and Dad."

"We're already old friends," kidded her father. Her mother glanced up from her mending and smilingly agreed.

When we bade them good-night they refrained from telling Anne to be home at a certain hour. They paid her the compliment of crediting her with some commonsense.

## Considerate

We had decided to go to the movies. If I had chosen the programme it would have been a rootin' tootin' Western, but I knew that most girls prefer the opposite, where the heroine, swathed in ermine, suffers while trying to decide whether to deceive her husband or her lover.

Luckily my Dream Girl believed in compromise. She chose a show that would appeal to theatregoers of both sexes—a gay musical.

I took Anne home very promptly after the show. Nothing like making a good impression the first time.

Of course, I wanted to give her a goodnight kiss, but it's difficult to know what to do. Some girls expect one on the first date, others act as if they've never heard of kissing, and

sometimes the matter is decided by over-alert parents.

But with Anne there was no embarrassment—and no lights switched on from the hall.

We chatted a few minutes and then exchanged a quick kiss. Anne did not act coy or insulted, though I was given no opportunity to linger. She simply smiled, bade me a quick goodnight and went inside.

Before our next date I telephoned Anne and asked where she would like to go. I quite expected her to suggest a dance. Instead she said enthusiastically, "I'd love to go to the ballet."

I was horrified. I am not really crazy about any type of dancing. But ballet! Then I told myself dolefully, "Well, old boy, you asked for it."

So we went. The show was all right, I guess. I wouldn't know for certain. And there's no law against holding hands at the ballet.

Anne is a fair-minded girl so the next time she suggested that I choose the time and place.

"We'll, the kind of entertainment I'd like you mightn't like," I hedged.

"Go on. Tell me."

"Well, football's more in my line, but I understand that most girls aren't exactly crazy about it."

For a moment Anne's face fell.

"I don't know anything about it," she admitted. But then she added brightly. "But you could teach me, couldn't you?"

"Lady," I replied, "it will be a pleasure."

So we went to a football match. We sat on hard seats and cheered our team. Funny, I never noticed that the seats were hard before.

But there were no complaints

as she listened to me explain the finer points of the game. She affected a bright-eyed interest, although I'm sure she could no more understand my enthusiasm than I could understand her liking for "Swan Lake."

In other words, my Dream Girl is a good sport.

## Intelligent

And Anne has other assets such as a trim figure and that flower-like freshness every man admires.

She is attractive rather than pretty, intelligent rather than intellectual, and has a good sense of humor rather than a line of smart talk.

You may have noted that my Dream Girl does not have blond hair and blue eyes. In other words Anne is not the type gentlemen think they prefer. Somehow these things don't seem to matter after you meet the one.

So you can see why I'm wavering in my resolution not to marry until I'm 30. That seems a heck of a long time to wait just to keep a resolution, which had already been kept twice.

There was Marie, an attractive girl, but I was scared off by her dragon of a mother.

Before that there was Elaine—also attractive, but she would wear too much make-up.

Now, whenever I go out with Anne, I have no worries. Her outfits are attractive without being extreme. She is simply dressed without being dowdy.

So there you have it. Anne is the girl I could marry.

Did I hear someone ask, "What about yourself? Are you the man she could marry?"

Gosh! You could be right. Still there's no harm in asking, is there?



WHEN the time comes to marry, most men find that the girl is not the original blue-eyed goldilocks, but she's his dream girl just the same.



# Frankie Avalon at home



FRANKIE tastes his mother's latest recipe in the family kitchen, with his sister, Teresa, laughingly waiting her turn. His favorite dish is spaghetti.



FAMILY affairs are often discussed over the dining table. Frankie is the breadwinner, but he follows the financial advice given by his father.



LISTENING to their son's latest recordings is a favorite way for Mary and Nicholas Avallone to spend an evening at home.



● "My father and mother," Frankie Avalon says, his big brown eyes glowing, "are the greatest parents in the world." In the next breath he's telling you that he wasn't the greatest child in the world.

HE doesn't tell you the reason, but the truth is that, from the day he was born, September 18, 1940, he was just too handsome.

As his sister, Teresa, puts it, "On that day, Mother and Dad and I formed the first Frankie Avalon Fan Club."

The Avallones (that's the way his parents spell it) lived on Hemburger Street, in South Philadelphia, and it wasn't exactly the kind of neighborhood where the kids welcomed a pretty little boy whose mother called him Sonny.

He was only four when they almost buried him alive. There was some excavating going on and they grabbed him and piled dirt on him. His frantic mother pulled him out just short of suffocation.

"I learned pretty early," Frankie says, "that in a city like that you had to be able to defend yourself and fight your own battles."

"The things we boys fought about were so small and silly that I can't even remember them. We were just trying to prove how tough we were."

Nicholas and Mary Avallone knew that, much as it distressed them, this was something Frankie had to work out for himself.

The better to beat his opponents, Frankie took up boxing and decided this was the life for him.

One day when he came in his mother said, "Keep your coat on, Sonny. You're coming with me."

He cringed at the "Sonny," but meekly obeyed. His mother took him to a shop where an ex-prizefighter was working. One look at his battered face and cauliflower ears and Frankie was completely shaken. His mother and dad never heard another word about the boxing career.

Looking back now, Frankie says, "I was really a pretty wild kid. You know — full of the devil."

"In a neighborhood like that, with all the temptations of a big city, it would have been so easy for me to turn into a delinquent—or worse."

"And the most wonderful thing about it is that my parents kept a strong hand on my sister and me without hurting us in any way. They'd listen to our side of the story. But if we were wrong we got punished. They didn't raise their voices and they never hit us. But they'd deprive us of some pleasure, so we understood that you have to pay for doing wrong."

"One thing they were very strict about was having us come home by a certain hour. If we didn't make it we'd have to give up going out

on Saturday nights for a month. Believe me, we got home on time!

"They taught us responsibility, too. Both my mother and father worked hard so that we could have a nice home, and Teresa and I had to pitch in with the household chores. I can still push a mean vacuum-cleaner!"

One day Frankie went to see a movie that changed his whole life. It was "Young Man With a Horn." He sat through six showings and came home to announce that he wanted a trumpet.

Though it strained the family budget, his overjoyed parents got one for him — a battered second-hand job from a pawn shop for £16. At least, they thought, it would keep him off the streets.

"My dad kept telling me that if I kept getting into fights and got my lip cut it could ruin my trumpet playing," says Frankie. "Finally, when I did cut my lip playing football — not seriously, but enough to scare me — I got the message."

His dad's efforts to keep his son — and other people's sons — out of trouble didn't stop there. He organized a teenage nightclub, serving soft drinks and sandwiches, where Frankie and his young fellow-musicians provided entertainment.

"It was swell," Frankie says. "Dad was the manager, Mom looked after the food, and Teresa was a waitress. We kids had great times there. We felt real sad that one night when nobody was there it burned down."

Shortly after, Frankie's father was injured on his job and was unable to work. With his trumpet-playing Frankie became the family breadwinner.

About three years ago, after appearing as trumpet soloist on the Perry Como and other big TV shows, he went on the road with dance bands.

Then Bob Marcucci, who had helped the family with the nightclub venture, persuaded Frankie to try singing and one of the first discs he cut was "De De Dinah." It sold more than a million copies and netted Frankie nearly £20,000.

Last year he starred in his first movie, "Guns of Timberland," and has already completed his second, "The Alamo."

At 19 he is on top of the world — but he's still his mother's "Sonny." He lives at home in the house he bought for his parents, not far from the old one in Hemburger Street.

And with his father still an invalid, Frankie is happy to be the breadwinner. "What I owe my parents," he says, "I can never hope to repay."



# 'NO TIME FOR GIRLS,' SAYS ROCK IDOL

● It was Saturday night in Sydney; young Dick Caruso dismissed two pretty girls with his autograph and settled back in his hotel room to ponder on the fate of a rock-'n-roll idol — all those girls, yet he hadn't a date.

"It happens everywhere," he said as he dipped his long silky eyelashes sadly. "You meet hundreds of girls doing a show like this, but you're rushed around so much there's no time to relax or get to know anyone."

Dick was nearing the end of his recent "Big Show" tour of Australia, and it all seemed pretty pathetic.

Suddenly the 18-year-old sprang off his bed and paced the floor. "It's all so unrelaxing I can't eat. Just about ready for a nervous breakdown. What do you think I had for dinner? Two plums!"

When we asked Dick about the "date" situation, he stepped even further into mood indigo.

"I only had a steady once—and she ditched me," he said.

"It was a year ago, and her parents didn't approve of my going into singing. We had to go out on the hide, and then I had to go away on a talent quest I'd won, and I got a letter from her saying 'It's been fun,' and signed 'Your friend'..."

Dick said that he was so mad when he saw her with another boy later that he sat down and wrote a song.

"I've written about fifty tunes," he said. "I write them only when I feel depressed, and

I'm depressed more than happy, you know?"

Dick brightened up when he talked about the screen test he'd been signed for when he got back to the States.

Even though his grandfather's first cousin was the great operatic tenor Enrico Caruso, Dick hasn't felt that singing is his true forte.

"I want to act," he said.

Dick grew up in an amusement park. His father, who now owns a string of vegetable markets in Providence, Rhode Island, used to own the "rocket ship" and the "whip cars" in the park, and Dick, who lived with his family in a caravan, used to help start the cars and swing the rocket ship.

"I was really trained in show business," he said. "Dancing lessons when I was five years old and then I was a trapeze artist before becoming a singer."

"With all this travelling you grow up fast. I feel old—about 24—and sometimes I wonder if I'll ever settle down and have normal dates and a normal life."

"But one day I'm going to get married and be rich and have a house with a swimming-pool in California. And my wife will have beautiful clothes."

He looked dreamy... but suddenly there was a knock at his door and another girl came in for an autograph.

● To page 16 for a pin-up of DICK

## WORTH HEARING

### BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas

THE piano was still quite a newfangled instrument when Beethoven wrote his first piano sonatas.

His elder contemporaries Haydn and Mozart had written much fine music for it, but they themselves had been brought up on the older harpsichord. Beethoven's restless, exploratory genius gave the piano a new voice all its own.

The most popular of his 32 sonatas are those that have nicknames, such as *Moonlight* and the *Appassionata* (neither of which names was Beethoven's own choice). But there also are some attractive and important (though less often recorded) untitled ones, such as the 17th (Opus 31, No. 2), the 27th (Op. 90), and the last three (Op. 109-111).

Three well-known sonatas, *Pathétique*, *Moonlight*, and *Appassionata*, are bracketed in a recording by Italian pianist Orazio Frugoni (Vox).

— Martin Long

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 11, 1960

## LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Just about everybody is saying "congratulations" to Tony Withers and I'd like to add mine. The week his "Little Boy Lost" hit the top of the Top 40, "I Remember," composed by Tony and John Laws, had already begun to climb after it.



TONY WITHERS

LONG JOHN sings their romantic ballad in a most appealing way on a Rex 45, and goes off on a lively rock lick for the flipside revival of "Stampede."

Tony told me that the local version of "Little Boy Lost," with Johnny Ashcroft doing the vocal, is to go out in America on the Capitol label.

As well, when Tommy Steele heard the disc in Melbourne he liked it so much that he asked if he could record it for the English market.

"I re-wrote it to give it a less local and more universal theme," Tony said, "and Tommy's already cut the disc."

Making it an all-Australian affair, flip of the English version will be Johnny O'Keefe with "She's My Baby."

**Local talent:** Looks like Grade Wicker's got a real red-hot hit in "Lulu Brown," a Sydney composition by Joe Halford and Bob Barton. It's different, it's catchy, and Grade has never sounded in this class before. He takes the flip, "Dreamin' Bout My Baby" (another Halford tune), fast and cool. With The Sapphires. (H.M.V. 45.)

YOU can add Perth TV personality Rolf Harris to the gallery of dyed-in-the-wool Australian humorists. "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" (Columbia 45) is Rolf's own highly individualised treatment of the classic dying-stockman theme. On the flip you'll hear all about his two bad amigos, "Nick Teen and Al K. Hall."

**Pops:** Coronet's 45 introducing The Brothers Four is most certainly one to buy — and keep. The artistry of these boys, who started singing as a U.S. college fraternity group, is outstanding, and they could well displace the Kingston Trio in popularity. "Greenfields," an unusual and haunting ballad, has a delightful calypso flip, "Angelique-o."

ANOTHER you might have some trouble in passing over is Dion and the Belmonts with the lovely Rodgers and

Hart tune "Where Or When," and a strong flip in "That's My Desire." London 45.

**JIM REEVES'** great hit "He'll Have To Go" is used as title and lead-track for an R.C.A. EP. There's a very likeable quality about this singer, and even though the rest of the material isn't any too wonderful ("Please Come Home" is about the best) Jim won't lose any friends on the account.

**FRESH** from his "What In The World?" success, Jack Scott uses his persuasive voice to pay tribute to a great country and Western personality with "I Remember Hank Williams" (Top Rank LP). It's 22-year-old Jack's first LP, and offers "My Heart Would Know," "Half As Much," and "They'll Never Take Her Love From Me" among eight others.

**Classical:** The superb musicianship of The David Oistrakh Trio illuminates the classical formalities of the seldom-played Beethoven Triple (C minor) Concerto. Sir Malcolm Sargent and The Philharmonia Orchestra give devoted support to violinist Oistrakh, cellist Knushevitzky, and pianist Oborin. A Columbia 10in. LP.

**Opera:** "Bjoerling and Merrill In Opera" (R.C.A. EP) offers the celebrated Swedish tenor and the American baritone in two famous operatic duets: the beautiful "In the depths of the temple," from Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers," and "Oh, Mimi, you left and did not return," from "La Boheme." Bjoerling also sings Verdi's tenor showpiece "Quella o quella" and an aria from Cilea's unfamiliar "L'Arlesiana."

**Movie music:** We'll soon be seeing England's big show-biz-exposure musical, "Expresso Bongo," taken from the recent West End success. The movie's star, British rock idol Cliff Richards, sings four of its beaty, contemporary tunes on a Columbia EP.

A LONDON 45 release previews Duane Eddy and his twangy "Shazam," featured in the coming teenage drama "Because They're Young," with top U.S. dee jay Dick Clark, Tuesday Weld, and Australian Victoria Shaw. Flip, "The Secret Seven," is another Eddy-Hazelwood composition.

**Dancing:** "Jan Garber In Danceland" (Festival stereo LP) presents the veteran U.S. dance-stand maestro in an enjoyable, sweet-with-a-beat dance session handpicked from Garber's huge repertoire. "Skirts," "The Magic Fire Of Love," "Call To The Post Cha-Cha," and "Twelfth Street Rag" are among those present.

A BRIGHT and bouncy EP selection from Grady Martin and the Slew-Foot Five, "Hot Time Tonight" (Festival), gives you "Japanese Sandman," "South," "Elmer's Tune," and "St. Louis Blues," all played with the infectious Martin beat.

FOR those who want to recreate the atmosphere of that Continental tour, H.M.V.'s "Rendezvous In Rome" (LP) is just the thing to do the trick. Luigi Chianti and His Orchestra play a selection of Italian hit tunes, including "Volare," "Summer-time in Venice," and the love theme from "La Strada." Candlelight for this one, please.



ROLF HARRIS



JIM REEVES

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7



# BOY - GIRL FASHION



Boys, as well as girls, often wonder what to wear for that special date — so we selected these six typical occasions to illustrate the latest Australian teenage fashions. The models are Diane Williams, 19, and Robert Anderson, 18, of Melbourne.

## ● Our Cover



## PICNIC

● Robert wears a lined suede car coat with a lamb-skin collar over a check wool shirt, cord slacks, and desert boots, while Diane brings out her tartan slacks, sloppy sweater, and wool head-hugger.



## BARBECUE

● The latest for a barbecue party are these scarlet, yellow and black "skorks" worn by Diane with matching weskit, yellow jumper, scarlet slinkies, and black pointy-toed shoes. Robert is equally fashion-right in pin-wale slacks, fine-checked shirt, and cord and leather belt.



## MOVIES

● Olive-green is a top fashion color for boys as much as for girls. On a movie date Robert wears it in a three-button, centre-vent suit with Continental styling. His calf shoes are pointy-toed and slightly higher heeled than normal. Diane is equally on the fashion beam with her light-weight wool frock and tiny fitted jacket.





# IS FOR THOSE WINTER DATES



## BALL

● For the formal occasion Robert is the perfect fashion foil for Diane in his narrow-lapelled, single-buttoned black dinner jacket, slim-legged trousers, black cummerbund, white shirt, and narrow bow-tie, while Diane is attractively teenage-demure in her portrait-collared mignonette-green taffeta frock.

## DINNER

● On that restaurant dinner-date Robert wears a three-button suit with a subdued stripe, white shirt, and narrow tie. Diane's mohair full-skirted frock has a spray of embroidery among the folds on one side, matching a smaller version of the embroidery design on the opposite side of the scooped bodice.

## SPORT

● Watching sporting events on a winter's day can be chilly, so Robert picks a flat-topped tweed cap, which tones with his houndstooth trousers, and a suede three-quarter-length coat, color-matched by his narrow tie. Diane, too, is warm in her high-collared and big-pocketed belted cloth coat and pull-on cap of suede with a snug knitted roll-back brim band.



● Fashions from the Myer Emporium, Melbourne.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - May 17, 1960



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Terribly shy

"I HAVE an exceedingly large and intricate problem. I am 16, a boy, and I cannot dance, and have never taken a girl out on a date anywhere. This is due, I must confess, to my terrible shyness. I am studying this year for the Leaving Certificate, and I work hard at homework and swotting, so that I may have most of the week-end free. My spare time is spent on hobbies and reading. I am perfectly happy with my present state of life, but my parents and friends say that at my age I should be getting out more (my conscience also makes me think about getting out; I feel a little guilty about staying at home all the time), e.g., making more friends and by learning to dance. Do you think I should? The only girl I know lives not far from my home. I am friendly with her, but not to the extent of inviting her to my home. (She is 16, too.) She goes to a girls' school near my school, and I sometimes come home with her. If there are any other girls on the train she will talk to them, but she does say 'Hello' to me. Do you think I would be jumping too many steps at a time if I suddenly asked her to go to a film with me or something of that nature? Please remember that I don't know her very well. If you can help me with my problem I will be ever grateful. It has become a great source of worry to me lately."

"Girl-shy," N.S.W.

I don't think you have a problem at all. At 16, in your final year at school, your exams and study should rightly be occupying nearly all your time. I think your parents and friends are needlessly thoughtless when they worry you with suggestions that you should be having more social life; but as it has now got to the stage of being a worrying problem to you, I think you should.

I'd start by joining a dancing class and learning to dance. Then you'll meet some young things and be in form for the end-of-the-year school dances and socials.

I don't think you'd be rushing things if you asked this girl you like to go to the pictures with you. But why don't you try to talk to her a bit first if you get the chance?

Why not take the chance and ask her if she could suggest some place where you can learn to dance, preferably on a Saturday? It would flatter her to be consulted, and it may pave the way to later dates with her if you want them.

Try not to make a thing about having to start going out with girls. When you do things just because pressure has been put on you by other people they're rarely very successful or enjoyable. I really think you have plenty of time to get wild about girls after your exams, but you could help things along a bit, if you are determined to do so, with those dancing classes.

### Tongue-tied

"MY problem is that when I go out with my girl-friend I can't think of anything to say. I usually meet her after school, but we just stand around looking at each other. Could you please suggest something to talk about? Don't say the weather, because we both know what it is, and don't suggest that we talk of what happened in school, because we are in the same class. Please help me, as I find it embarrassing sometimes."

Bill H., Qld.

You do make it hard for me, don't you? You are quite fluent about what I'm not to tell you to talk about; why don't you discuss this with your friend? Try a discussion with her about what the two of you should talk about, and why you are so tongue-tied when you are together.

I think you'll have to take this drastic step, because drinking to each other only with the eyes gets a bit dull and boring after a bit.



But if the two of you are quite happy without talk and just want to keep up appearances, try telling one another "The Three Bears." I read of a couple who used to do this in smart restaurants, so they looked as if they were madly interested in one another. The boy used to tell the story, and the girl used to ask leading questions, like "She ate ALL the porridge?" and "Baby bear was very angry?"

Sounds silly, I know, but it all makes a game that could lead to real talk.

### Brother bother

"MY problem is not very unusual, but I would like your opinion. I am very fond of my girl-friend's brother, but I don't think he even knows I exist. He is a very nice boy, and I have known him for about 12 months. He is 18 and I am 17."

"Hopeless," N.S.W.

Girl-friends' brothers are generally a bit hard — they tend to regard you strictly as their sister's friend unless they see you as a doll the moment they meet you.

I don't think you can do anything but be polite and nice to him, and if possible ask his advice or support on a subject that you know he knows about. It always pleases a man to be asked for advice about something he can really talk about.

Apart from that, I really can't suggest anything concrete, except not to confide in his sister. That is a certain way to put an end to anything you hope may start.

### Policewomen

"MINE is not a problem, but I hope you will be able to help me. I wish to join the Women's Police Force, but I understand one has to be 21 before joining. Is this correct? Also, could you give me any other information about joining?"

"Wondering Brown Eyes," N.S.W.

Applicants for jobs in the Women's Police Force in N.S.W. must be between the ages of 21 and 35, single, with no ties, and stand a minimum of 5ft. 6in. barefooted. Applicants who hold the Intermediate Certificate are preferred.

The force is not a large one—there are only 50-60 women police in the whole State—so competition for jobs is fierce. Sometimes there are 20 applicants for three vacancies.

Application must be made in person at the Recruiting Office, 749 Bourke Street, Redfern, any day from Monday to Thursday.

Applicants are interviewed at 11.30 a.m., and if they fulfil the necessary requirements of age, height, and so on, they are invited to fill in application papers.

At 1.30 p.m. on the same day, applicants sit for an education test in dictation and arithmetic. They must pass this examination whether or not they hold the Intermediate Certificate. If they pass this test, they go before the Recruiting Committee, who give an assessment of their suitability for the force. If they are recommended for the force, they go for a medical examination, and if successful get the job.

They enter the force under the same conditions of employment and the same rate of pay as the men, starting at £1079 for the first year, with £12 a year rises each year for the first six years of service. Uniform is supplied, travelling concessions to and from work are granted, and there are five weeks' annual leave.

### It's all over

"I HAVE a steady boy-friend I have been going with for four years. When I am away from him sometimes I feel as if I don't like him as much as I think I do. While I was away at Easter, I met a boy and he was so different to my steady. He likes to mix with people, and the other one is shy. Is it possible I could like this boy in such a short time?"

"Wrong or Right," Qld.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE

WHEN is a girl too tall? My very best boy says, "Never!"

He says the harmiest thing he knows is a tall girl who slouches along, her head stuck out at shoulder level, a la turtle, her shoulders round, and her posterior carried as in duck.

He says it is exciting to see a tall girl with good posture, walking slowly in high heels in a walk that is not a stride.

I think from 5ft. 7in. in bare feet is tall, with the best bare-foot height about 5ft. 9in. Why? Well, a tall girl looks better in her clothes—clothes are designed for tall girl. If you don't believe me check up on the height of models. There's not a Baby Doll among them.

Tall girls get attention without seeking it. They stand out in a crowd, they inspire confidence.

But tall girls shouldn't throw their arms about or talk excitedly with gestures. They should be extra careful of their hands, their hair. They should consult a hairdresser about a style to become them.

They should go out with any man who asks them, whether or not he's taller or shorter. They should avoid flat flatties. They should wear high heels whenever they are suitable, dressy flatties with small heels at other times. They should not dress too severely, and should at all times avoid such obvious tricks as wearing horizontal stripes.

They should stop cultivating an inferiority complex and start off with a new proud, exciting look.

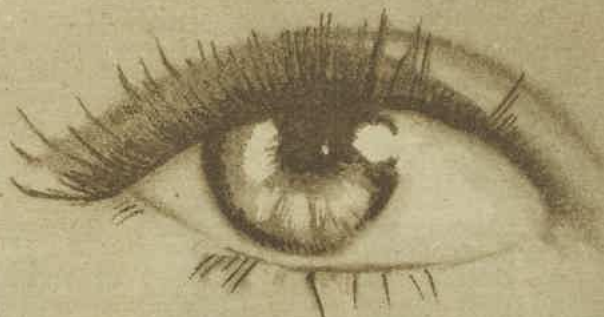
Yes, it's quite possible. Obviously you no longer really go for that old steady of yours. He sounds to me as if he is just being used as an escort to bolster up your ego. Going steady at your age is a great mistake — it doesn't give you any chance to find out who or what type of boy you really are happiest with. If you go out with a number of boys you soon find out.

I think you'd be a really nice girl if you told your old steady you want to call the whole thing off. You were feeling discontented with the arrangement before you met this other boy and that feeling will get worse now. If you don't do something soon, you'll get quarrelsome and nasty, and that would be a shame after such a long friendship. Be a brave girl, tell your old steady how you feel, say thank you for everything, and get out of his life.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



By Carolyn Earle



**S**HE'S a clever girl who knows that having pretty eyes is not all a matter of eye make-up, but also of possessing rested, clear, and sparkling peepers. She realises what gives her eyes that wonderful, lustrous shine, and you should, too. This is what it takes: plenty of sleep, sensible diet, and reasonable care from day to day to keep the outlook bright.

# eyes should sparkle and shine

**S**LEEP is the best no-effort eye-opener ever devised. Eight or even nine hours shut-eye is needed for healthy beauty, and you can always treat your eyes with a splash of clear cold water on waking to give them sparkle and zest.

But if you believe that with this you have done your duty, you're a dreamer. There's much more to it than that.

For instance, these winter evenings darkness comes early. Right? If you are busy with a dress pattern or engrossed in a book you seldom notice when the daylight begins to fade. Or if mother makes the rounds turning on lamps you may not bother to shift to a better-lighted chair. What's that the lady is saying? "You'll ruin your eyes." She's so right.

Too much close work in bad light (the light should be behind and above the head) is, of course, just one small part of the eye story. The point is, it can result in eye-strain, and eye-strain, in turn, can produce eyes that are not in the least pretty.

Here are some suggestions that have to do with the bright and healthy appearance of the eyes, but if you aren't satisfied with your vision or the way your eyes feel, make tracks to an eye doctor right away for professional advice.

See that you have a balanced diet with your full quota of all vitamins. Vitamin A (found in milk, butter, dark green and yellow vegetables, and fruit) is especially necessary.

Don't read in strong sunlight, particularly if you are facing the sun. Glare needlessly consumes nervous energy and raises scowls and lines.

If you read in bed, avoid strained and twisted positions. Always have the book well below the eye level and the light fixed so that it shines on the page, not into your eyes.

Don't hold your book or work too close to the eyes or huddle over it. Reading matter should be held at least a foot from the face.

Be careful about your TV habits. Don't watch the screen for hours on end and don't watch it at all in a room that's too light or too dark.

A boracic eye-bath works wonders for tired eyes, but keep your hands away and never give in to the temptation to rub your eyes when they are tired. Rubbing them is apt to add a feeling of itchy irritation to the fatigue. Certainly it will never rest or relax them.

Your eyes normally are equipped with their own excellent eyewash—tears. But after a long day on the job, an evening's bout with a double-feature movie or a smoky room, or a day spent in the wind and sun, your eyes may need soothing.

At such times they welcome a comforting, mild eye-bath. To do a good job, the eye-bath should be one-third full and the head bent slightly forward and moved from side to side. The lotion can then wash right round the eye and refresh it. It's a mistake to tilt the head back or to fill the bath to the brim.

Pads soaked with chilled witch hazel and placed over the closed eyes are wonderfully restful.

Finally, here's a simple eye exercise you can do anytime, anywhere, that's supposed to add a lot of sparkle: with your head held straight, look over to the lower left as far as you can. Now swing your eyes upward in an arc to the right without moving your head. Blink, repeat a dozen times, stop and blink three times and then reverse the action.



# BILL SHAKESPEARE . . .

By Penny Ford



TEENAGERS become enthusiastic fans of Shakespeare when the Young Elizabethans present his plays in school halls. Above, pupils of South Sydney Boys' High, with visiting girls from Maroubra Junction Home Science School, watch a performance of "Twelfth Night." Below, pupils of Fort Street Girls' High enjoy "Richard II."



● The footlights went on. The noise and chatter suddenly stopped and the audience was whisked away to Illyria, the wonderful land of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

**B**UT it was Shakespeare's play with a difference, presented by the Young Elizabethan Players to a school audience.

Producer John Trevor had condensed the play so that it took little more than an hour, but he kept its essence and the best of its poetry.

Costuming was kept to an absolute minimum. Each member of the cast wore black jeans and a full-sleeved white blouse. Suitable accessories were added for each character.

The missing action was fully explained by a compete between scenes, and most of the scenery was left to the imagination of the audience.

When I saw the performance put on at South Sydney Boys' High School I was fascinated.

"Twelfth Night" was a play I never liked when I studied it at school.

The plot and characters had seemed rather far-fetched and improbable, and I couldn't reconcile my mind to the world of fantasy.

But seeing the condensed version changed my opinion completely. Now I understand why my teacher said it was a play to be seen, not only to be read.

I was able to feel sorry for Malvolio, with his self-love and pompous behaviour; pity Olivia for unwittingly falling in love with one of her own sex; laugh at the antics of Sir Andrew Aguecheek; and feel contempt for the love-sick pining of Duke Orsino.

And the young audience adored it. They howled with laughter every time Malvolio set foot on stage, and chuckled with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

The play, usually dry and dusty in the schoolroom, really came alive for them.

"Twelfth Night" is one of the Shakespearian plays being studied by Australian school-children this year.

And most of them will be performed in the schools by companies organised by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

The Northern Company of the Young Elizabethan Players—the one I saw—will tour New South Wales with "Twelfth Night" and "Richard II," and then go on to Queensland with "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet."

Leader of the company is tall, blue-eyed Bruce Barry, and other members of the cast are Cherrie Butlin, daughter of holiday camp millionaire Billy Butlin, her husband, Brook Denning, Gwen Bevan, Ted Webster, John Armstrong, and Robert Capstick.

The Southern Company, which has just begun rehearsals, will play "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "The Tempest," and "The Merchant of Venice," to audiences in Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia.

The Trust will also form a company to play in Western Australian schools.

This is the third year the Young Elizabethans have toured the schools for the Trust, the Arts Council of Australia, and the National Institute of Dramatic Art.



# ...in black jeans

REUNION for Viola (Cherrie Butlin) and her twin brother, Sebastian (Robert Capstick) in the Young Elizabethan's presentation of the play "Twelfth Night."



BRUCE BARRY, who plays Malvolio, is leader of the Northern Company of the Young Elizabethan Players.



MALVOLIO (Bruce Barry) displays his crossed garters and fixed smile to Olivia (Gwen Bevan). Bruce also plays the role of Orsino, Duke of Illyria.



LEFT: "A thin-faced knave, a gull," Sir Toby (John Armstrong) tells Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Ted Webster), as Olivia (Gwen Bevan) looks on, horrified.

RIGHT: The duel scene between Cesario (Cherrie Butlin) and Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Ted Webster).







## A GUY on office romances sings

# Sunday, BUNDY and Always!

● Once upon a time I thought that the only drawbacks to working were the boss, Monday mornings, and morning tea. Oh, and the toil itself, of course.

NOW, however, I have discovered an evil that makes the boss' disposition, Monday blues, and stale biscuits almost as acceptable as a pay envelope.

I refer, of course, to that toil trap — the girl office (or factory) romancer.

Now don't get the idea that I'm against genuine working romances. I can think of no better cradle of love than a shared desk or bench.

At least there's no excuse for either to be late for an after-work date, and, if they decide to make a merger (get married, to you unbusinesslike squares!), the boy can immediately tell her dad they have a roof over their heads!

No, the girl with a boy at sixes and sevens between nine and five to whom I object is the one who carries a torch around work while her victim's burning desire wouldn't light the tea urn!

A typical nine-to-striver is Morning Glory. Glory's the girl who makes and brings around the morning tea and who makes a mess of it — apart from the mushy biscuits and saucer slops.

### The way he looks

Dear Robin,

What you write each week about us girls applies to only some. You can't judge us all on these few. It would be just too bad if we girls judged all boys on people like yourself. My girlfriends and I saw a picture of you in *Teenagers' Weekly* last year and we all thought you looked very "I love me" looking. If you were a real expert you'd see some good as well as the bad.—J.M., Box Hill, Vic.

Glory picks some poor clown and decides he suits her to a "tea." She doesn't care that he thinks her only saving grace is that she doesn't have a chance to muck up afternoon tea.

She makes his life a hell by sticking around after she's banged down his rations. She forgets to serve anyone else, of course, and when they go looking for her what do they see — or think they see?

Apparently our hero is making time with the tea-girl! And nobody believes him when he tries to explain.

Another sack who deserves just that is Loudmouth Lil.

Now, while Glory gives the rest of the office the idea that she and some sucker are on The Road to the Aisle she does it, I must admit, accidentally.

But Lil spreads the "news" of her non-existent romance with all the reticence of a radio announcer.

She openly makes sheep's eyes at the chump of her choice, warns other girls not to touch, hints that wedding bells are not far behind the knock-off whistle. The chump, of course, is usually ignorant of these goings-on until the boss either warns him to stop romancing in office hours or else gives him a raise to help set up house!

Just as annoying is Sandwich Sally. She won't even let an unwilling male colleague off the hook during lunch-time.

She'll trail him to his place in the park where he's going to do the right thing by a couple of pies and, with more crust than that on his eats, she'll plonk down beside him.

She can never figure out why he never eats twice at the same place.

Well, there are three good reasons why a boy can tell his mum he's had a hard day at the office.

All work and no play might make Jack a dull boy. But, just as truly, too many "plays" make Jack (if he's anything like me) wish he was so dull that stupid girls would let him work!

Goodness, it's time to knock off. I've got a date — with a little lass who brings in the mail for me and brings out the male in me!

Ah, the sacrifices I make of my principles in the interests of research.

— Robin Adair





**ARTIST AT WORK.** Garry Zeck, 18, puts the final brush-strokes to his painting of the street where he lives at City Beach, near Perth, Western Australia.

## OTHER BOYS' JOBS

# It's ART all day, every day

By Pat Parker

● Garry Zeck is the answer to a vocational-guidance officer's prayer. He couldn't be happier in his work — art's his hobby and also his job as the junior professional assistant in the Art Gallery of Western Australia.



**ASSISTANT AT WORK.** Garry packs paintings with his boss, Frank Norton, Director of the Art Gallery of Western Australia.

**B**UT 18-year-old Garry wasn't "placed" in his job — he landed in the art world almost by accident.

When he finished last year at Hale School, where he was head prefect, captain of the swimming and shooting teams, and vice-captain of the hockey team, he wasn't sure what he was going to do.

"I was just drifting with my fingers crossed," he said. And then a friend rang to tell him that the Gallery was advertising for an assistant to the Director.

Garry applied and was chosen from 27 other applicants for the job.

One of his first tasks was helping Robert Smith (then the Gallery's other professional assistant and now assistant director of the Queensland Art Gallery) arrange an exhibition.

That meant selecting the paintings to be exhibited, deciding the order of hanging, and

gathering material for the catalogue.

Since then he's had periodic trips to the country to supervise the transport of paintings and hang travelling art shows.

### Research, study

One of his recent two-day trips was with the Director, Frank Norton, to Bunbury, which is about 100 miles south of Perth.

After more than three months in the job Garry still finds it stimulating and packed with interest.

He loves doing the research that is necessary before each exhibition. He says: "You learn the history of art as you go."

As part of his training he attends French classes at Tech one night a week, to help him translate information from reference books on art, many of which are in French.

On the same night he has lessons in typography — the

study of different types of print and layout—so that he will be able to plan catalogues and advertisements.

Garry's working hours are nine to five from Monday to Friday and, he says happily: "That leaves the weekends free for me to pursue my own art."

However, his weekends seem to be as crowded as his weeks.

He plays hockey for his school's old boys' team—the old Haleans — during the season, does a lot of swimming, and plans to take up the guitar soon. He expects his six years of violin studies to help in this.

Garry lives with his parents at City Beach, about six miles from Perth.

His father, Walter Zeck, is a well-known Perth hairdresser and a keen amateur photographer. His mother is an accomplished pianist and composer of light music, who has won several awards in "Composers' Corner," the national radio programme. His older

sister, Yvonne, also plays the piano.

The Zecks have always lived near the ocean, and Garry has his bronze medallion for life-saving. So far he hasn't painted a seascape.

He says he expects to get round to it soon, though, and is at present making a folding easel and a new paintbox for that reason.

Garry has been interested in art for years. He passed both Junior and Leaving exams in that subject, and when he was 16 his oil painting "Mother and Child" was highly commended and hung in the 1958 Perth Prize for Contemporary Art Exhibition.

### Views on art

He has some definite ideas about painting, but declares that he looks at art broadly.

"I believe in adopting an approach to suit the subject," he told me. "If you can see an

abstract form in the subject to be painted, then an abstract approach is probably the best. The same thing applies to a conventional or contemporary subject."

In spite of the fact that his present teacher, Owen Garde, is a follower of Max Meldrum's theory, which disregards drawing, Garry has not forgotten how greatly impressed he was by the drawing of his first teacher, Robert Juniper, and maintains that drawing and painting are of equal importance.

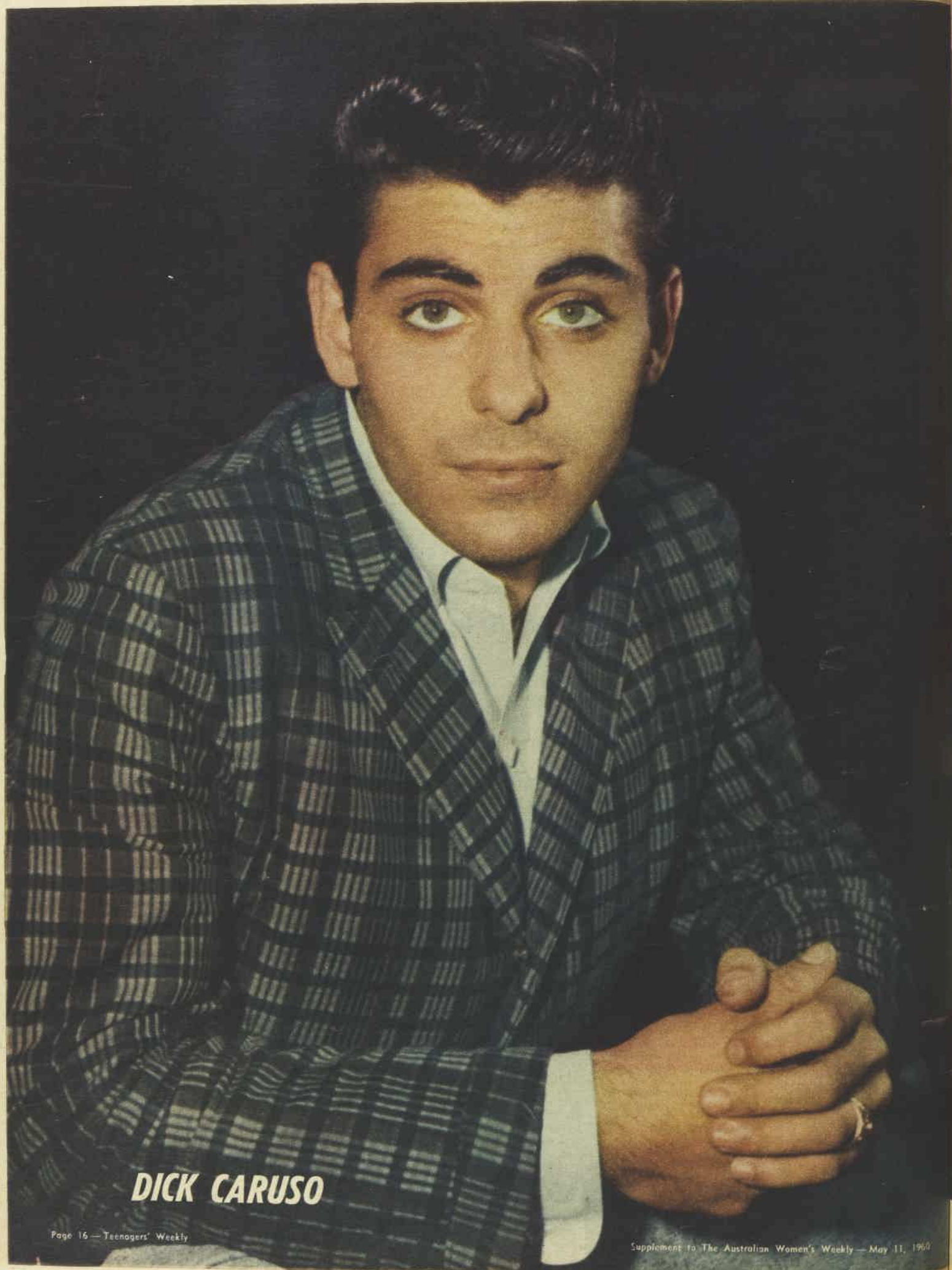
"Meldrum's theory is flexible," he said. "One can make one's own interpretation of the subject matter. The importance lies in the analysis of tones."

Garry realises he is fortunate to have a job in the art world, because there are so few of them.

And the job has confirmed his aim in life.

"I want to stay in galleries ... and go on painting."





**DICK CARUSO**

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 11, 1960





**BLACK-AND-WHITE** plastic in the new cloth-finished effect is used for chairs in this setting, and the lounge is upholstered in white plastic and black nylon moquette. Dining suite is of blond grained plastic. Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.



**BEDROOM SUITE** of African pearwood teamed with curtains and bedspread of silk-finished printed rayon.



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**AUSTRALIA:** Since taking LANTIGEN 'B', my general health, which has been undermined with catarrh for a number of years, has improved considerably; I find LANTIGEN 'B' tones up the system and imparts more vigour into everyday activities. — D.A., Galston, N.S.W.

**ENGLAND:** Thanks to two bottles of LANTIGEN 'B', this is the first winter for many years I have not had acute bronchitis. I am 38 years old and ever since childhood have suffered every winter from it.—W.S., Bournemouth.



**CANADA:** I have been a victim of catarrh. Nothing benefited me and was gradually growing worse. LANTIGEN benefited me from about the first dose. Am on my fifth bottle now and I find it is really wonderful. Never had any severe attacks of head colds since I commenced taking marvellous LANTIGEN 'B'.—M.R., Ontario.

**NEW ZEALAND:** I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was very subject to colds but since I have taken LANTIGEN 'B' I have only had one which was slight and of short duration. —W.F., North Auckland. (Originals of all testimonials are on file and available for inspection.)

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THIS TASTY PORK DISH, topped with a generous swirl of mashed potatoes, will win applause from your family and friends. See recipe below.

## £5 for pork dish

● A satisfying pork and sweet potato medley wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

THE prizewinning dish could be prepared well in advance, and when required needs reheating only in a moderate oven.

Our consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a Tasmanian reader for her unusual savory walnut bacon sticks.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PORK AND POTATO MEDLEY

Two pounds pork shoulder, 3 onions (sliced), 1½ cups stock, salt and pepper to taste, ½ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1½ cups sliced apples, 2 tablespoons cornflour blended with ¼ cup stock or water, 3 cups mashed, cooked sweet or plain potato, 1 tablespoon butter, chopped parsley.

Trim fat from pork and cut into 1 in. cubes. Melt fat trimmings in a heated frying-pan, add pork and sliced onions. Cook, turning frequently until browned. Drain off excess fat, add stock, salt, pepper, half the brown sugar, nutmeg, and cinnamon. Cover and simmer until meat is nearly tender (about 1½ hours). Add 1 cup sliced apples, cover and continue cooking further 30 minutes. Spoon meat and apple into a greased casserole. Thicken remaining liquid with blended cornflour, bring to the boil and pour over meat in

casserole. Season hot mashed potato with salt, pepper, remaining brown sugar, and butter; mix well. Spoon roughly or pipe potato around edge of casserole. Place remaining apple slices in centre of dish. Bake uncovered in moderate oven until top is lightly browned. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. James, 1/54 Simpson Street, Bondi, N.S.W.

### WALNUT BACON STICKS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. flour, 3oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, water, 1 beaten egg, 2 rashers bacon (grilled or fried, crisp enough to crumble), chopped walnuts, coarse salt.

Rub butter or substitute into sifted flour, salt, and pepper. Add the crumbed bacon and cheese. Knead all together to form a stiff dough. A little water can be added if necessary. Roll out thinly on a floured board to ¼ in. thickness and cut into finger-lengths. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with walnuts and a little coarse salt. Put a sheet of greaseproof paper on an oven-tray and lift fingers carefully on to it. Bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Loosen and cool on trays.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. R. Cairns, c/o Cairns Bros. Pte. Bag, Geelong, Tas.

### FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish, banana cream shape, is a smooth, creamy sweet which does not require any cooking. The sweet serves 4 or 5, and costs approximately 5/-.

### BANANA CREAM SHAPE

Three teaspoons gelatine, ¼ cup hot water, 6 mashed bananas (medium size), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 2 tablespoons honey, ½ tin well-chilled evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar.

Dissolve the gelatine thoroughly in the hot water. Beat mashed bananas to a cream with lemon rind, orange juice, and honey. Beat chilled evaporated milk until thick with lemon juice, add sugar. Fold in banana mixture and dissolved gelatine. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set.





HONEY DISHES against background of hives at home of amateur apiarist Col. G. H. Pulling at Turramurra, N.S.W.

## Cooking with ... HONEY

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

- Honey, one of Nature's most valuable and delicious foods, gives a distinctive flavor to many dishes. It can be used for savory recipes as well as cakes, sweets, sauces, drinks, and hot or cold desserts.

HONEY is versatile, as the recipes on this page show. If you have been using honey only as a spread for bread and butter, scones, and pancakes, try it as an ingredient for other dishes and you will be delighted with the result.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PRUNICOT PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1½ cups dried apricots, 1 cup pitted prunes, 2 cups water, ½ cup orange or lemon juice, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 2-3rd cup honey, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Roll out pastry, line an 8in. or 9in. dish, reserving strips for top lattice. Place in refrigerator for ½ hour. Cover apricots with two-thirds of the water and prunes with remaining third. Put in separate saucepans, bring both lots slowly to boil, simmer until softened. Drain off liquors and measure, adding fruit juice and extra water to make 2½ cups. Blend a little of this with cornflour in saucepan, add remaining liquor, salt, honey, butter. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Arrange apricots and prunes in pie-shell, pour fruit sauce over, cover top with lattice strips. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat slightly, continue cooking 20 to 25 minutes. Serve warm with custard or cream.

### WALNUT CHOCOLATE CAKE

Three ounces unsweetened chocolate, 1-3rd cup milk, 1-3rd cup honey, 1 egg, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon

vanilla, ¼ cup honey, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 2-3rd cup milk.

Grate chocolate and melt over hot water. Add 1-3rd cup each of milk, honey, 1 beaten egg and cook slowly, stirring continuously until slightly thickened. Cool. Cream well the butter, vanilla, and ½ cup honey, add remaining eggs, beating in gradually. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with combined chocolate sauce and remaining milk. Beat lightly until smooth, pour into 2 paper-lined and greased 8in. layer-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand 5 minutes before turning out. When cool fill and cover with the following:

**Walnut Frosting:** Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup honey, 1 tablespoon finely chopped walnuts, walnut halves to decorate.

Combine egg-whites and salt in heatproof bowl, whisk until stiff. Fold in lemon juice and pour in honey, beating all the while. Place bowl over boiling water and cook, beating continuously 5 minutes. Fold in chopped walnuts, beat until thick enough for spreading. Decorate with walnut pieces.

### HAM CORKETTES

Half pound finely minced ham, ¼lb. finely minced pork, ¼lb. finely minced veal, 2 cups crushed cornflakes, ½ cup honey, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, flour, oil for frying.

Combine all ingredients in bowl, mix well. With lightly floured hands form into small cork shapes. Cook in heated

oil until golden-brown and cooked through. Drain on absorbent paper, serve piping hot.

NOTE: This mixture can be used also for meat loaves, rissoles, patties, or tiny meat balls.

### HONEY-FUDGE FINGERS

Half cup butter or substitute, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup honey, ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 eggs, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Combine butter, grated chocolate, salt, vanilla in saucepan, place over low heat until melted. Stir in honey, sifted flour, baking-powder. Add beaten eggs, walnuts, pour into well-greased lamington tin, bake in moderately slow oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to cool in tin, cut in finger-length pieces to serve.

### GLAZED CHICKEN

One frying chicken, one egg, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon or pineapple juice, ½ cup honey, 2 teaspoons paprika, one teaspoon salt.

Cut chicken into serving-sized pieces, arrange in greased baking-dish. Beat egg, add remaining ingredients, mix well. Spoon over chicken pieces, place in moderate oven for 1 hour. During cooking time turn and baste chicken pieces frequently with honey sauce. Increase oven heat during last 10 minutes to give pieces crisp brown skin.

### ORIENTALES

Half cup butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup honey, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon ground almonds, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, blanched halved almonds, 1 extra egg-yolk beaten with 1 extra teaspoon honey.

Cream butter and honey, add vanilla and egg-yolk, stir in sifted flour, ground almonds, salt. Chill dough. Roll into small balls, place on greased trays, flatten lightly with finger or fork. Dip almond halves in egg-yolk and honey mixture, place one on top of each biscuit, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Loosen, remove from trays while hot.



# Helen, a Housewife Solves Her

**H**ELEN (age 31, height 5 ft. 4 ins., vital statistics 34-26-37) came to see us because, as she herself put it, she felt her looks needed "a lift". Helen is a housewife and mother. When the ANI consultant first saw her, she was wearing a conservatively cut dark grey suit ("I've had it for ages," she said, and admitted that she hadn't bothered to raise the hemline). Her hair was done in a roll style which had a tendency to look wispy, and her skin was sallow, with a considerable degree of dryness which was resulting in little lines at the corners of her eyes and mouth.

We decided that the most important part of our task was to make Helen feel that she was really glamorous again. She said, "I haven't exactly let myself go — but I don't take the

amount of trouble with my appearance that I used to. Now I'd like to give my friends a surprise." Accordingly, we settled down to make a beauty plan for her which, without going to extremes, would give her both a sound basis for beauty and just that touch of chic that she needed to boost her morale.

## A Figure-Flattering Dress

First we took her shopping and found the answer to her dressing problems in a charmingly simple classic blue cotton — practical and unlikely to "date", but with a high-fashion air about its

scrupulous styling and attention to detail. Helen agreed that she would find it suitable for innumerable occasions and she invested in a pair of white tapered-toe courts — which added to her poise as well as to her height.

## A New Glamorous Hairstyle

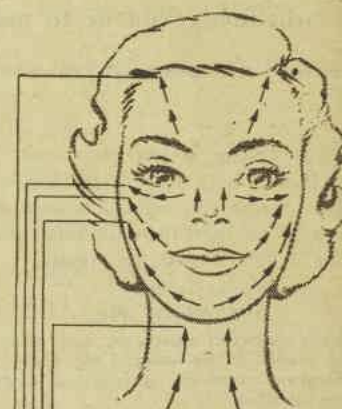
Next we took Helen to visit a well-known hairstylist. Helen agreed with him that the ideal style for her would be one which was basically simple and easy to manage, had a touch of sophistication. The sleek but soft style which he designed for her made her look much more youthful — and showed off her well-shaped head.

## Her Skin Became Beautiful

After washing, we creamed and tissueed Helen's complexion. It was obvious that the skin still contained dulling particles which were shown on the cotton wool. We therefore, began drawing them from her complexion with entrainment milk which penetrated the pores and removed deeply buried grime. The improvement in the appearance of her complexion following the entrainment treatment was really amazing. Within minutes her skin was milky clear and youthfully beautiful. Although the substance used is known as entrainment milk, in appearance it resembles thin pink oil. When this pink oil was massaged over the skin for a few moments and then patted off with a damp cloth, it resulted in a dramatic chemical change, turning to a pure white milk. Out drained stale skin-dulling cosmetics, dust and impurities — and a complexion lovelier than Helen had ever known before was revealed.

## Revitalizing Massage Treatment

Next we steamed Helen's face over a basin of hot water for a few minutes — so that she would get the maximum benefit from the next stage of her treatment, a restorative massage with a revitalizing night cream. And we demonstrated to her how easy it would be to follow this routine at home — the basic recipe being plenty of vitalizing cream and five simple upward and outward movements.



- FIRST MASSAGE MOVEMENT
- SECOND MASSAGE MOVEMENT
- THIRD MASSAGE MOVEMENT
- FOURTH MASSAGE MOVEMENT
- FIFTH MASSAGE MOVEMENT

1. Starting at the base of the throat, she smoothed up to the point of the chin with the backs of the hands, used alternating upward and outward movements — and finished by flipping under the chin with a vigorous slapping movement.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 11, 1960



An uninspired outfit, a wispy roll hairstyle and a tired, sallow complexion — these things were obscuring Helen's good looks when we first saw her.

Our hairstylist shows Helen how a new, casually smart hairstyle will flatter her features and give her added youthfulness.





# Beauty Problems

She massaged along the jawbone from the point of the chin, both hands moving outward from the centre together, and finally the fingertips being used, in a circular movement.

Using the same circular fingertip movement, she started at the corners of the mouth and massaged outwards, under the cheekbones, towards the ears.

Patting gently with the fingertips, she moved upwards from the nostrils to the inner corners of the eyes. This is the most important movement for wrinkle eradication, and we demonstrated at the time she must always do it with the utmost gentleness and care.

She massaged with the circular movement, from the bridge of the nose outwards to the temples.

After removing surplus cream we patted her face and neck briskly with a pad of cotton wool soaked in lemon delph freshener — to firm the texture, bleach naturally and to refine the pores.

## She Smoothed Her Wrinkles Away

Next we proceeded to restore the fluid content of eroded skin cells which had long been causing small, tell-tale expression lines. We showed Helen how to smooth moist oil over face and neck daily before applying make-up, so that the skin would be protected against drying conditions and any tendency of the skin to contract in the cold weather which starves the surface of natural oil. This moist oil of ulan also kept impurities and dust, cosmetic pigments and the drying effect of powder from re-entering the skin. The smoothing on of the oil of ulan after skin entrainment and massage gave the skin instant and dramatic soft surface beauty.

Next we showed Helen how to use a tinted foundation for special occasions — dotting it on and then blending for a smooth, delicately tinted surface. We pressed on powder — removing the surplus with a complexion brush for a velvety finish — and we applied a warm-toned rose lipstick. Helen was so impressed by the subtle emphasis that charcoal grey eyebrow pencil, dark brown mascara and a touch of pale blue eye shadow gave her eyes, that she said she felt she'd want to wear eye make-up every day.

## A Plan to Keep Helen Lovely

Before Helen left we made her promise to take particular care to prevent her skin reverting to its former dry and lined condition, and she assured us that she would never omit to protect it and maintain its youthful freshness and elasticity by smoothing on her moist ulan base. Helen will also make regular use of her night cream and entrainment cleanser to give her skin a thorough rest from soap to ensure that she keeps her newfound beauty. She asked us for a final word on hand care. Her hands are beautifully shaped and needed only to be cleared of a little roughness and dullness. This was soon achieved through the remarkable properties of delph lemons in a creamy butter form.

M.S. Helen rang us to say that her husband was delighted with her "new" self — and last time we saw her, we were really amazed by the general improvement in her appearance and the fresh, firm look of her skin.

A complexion glowing with fresh vitality, an attractive hairstyle and a becoming outfit — no wonder Helen is delighted with her "new" self.

ANI







PARACELSUS—Stormy Petrel of Medicine—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

## Great Moments in Medicine

In the Renaissance laboratories of Swiss-born Paracelsus (1493-1541) were produced many things: chemicals, complex medicines, serious medical writings, mysticism, and abusive attacks upon medical colleagues, religionists, and politicians. A controversial figure, he was forced to move frequently and travel widely. His contributions, however, were important. He helped guide medical men away from the mistakes of Galen and Avicenna; directed their thoughts toward rational research; and advocated the use of pure chemicals in medical practice.

Though crude when measured by our modern standards, Paracelsus' efforts

pointed the way toward today's highly advanced and diversified development of pure drug products for medicinal use.

For nearly ten decades, Parke-Davis has diligently sought to discover new and better medicines, both in nature and in the creation of new compounds in its research laboratories. This patient, costly, and time-consuming research has led to some of the finest therapeutic agents available to modern medicine. Through its development, testing, manufacturing, and distribution facilities, Parke-Davis has made these life-giving, life-saving medicines available for physicians to prescribe throughout the world.

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# Yesterday's gift

It was a happy surprise for all . . . a story

BY BETTY KJELGAARD

**B**OB HAMPTON knew he should have called Anne the instant he got the promotion. It was the supreme moment for them both, the splendidly realised result of a dozen years' plugging. It was a rather special triumph, too, because at thirty-four he would be the youngest sales manager the company had ever had.

He and Anne had known the job would come some time, and Bob had always wanted her to share with him the pleasure of it right from the beginning. Yet he hadn't gone near the phone; instead he had felt detached from everything.

Now here he was, getting off the train from Boston and walking towards his car, still without feeling any of the joy he had anticipated he would feel.

He couldn't understand it. He and Anne were so close. Their marriage had been blessed, and the birth of young Steve ten years ago had made their love even deeper. She had been with him all the way, uncomplaining that he had to be on the road so much, waiting with her lovely welcome whenever he got home for a few days.

Those scraps of time were eaten hungrily. They would drive to one of the beaches, rent a boat, and spend the day in a world of sun and water. Or they would sit on the sand, hands intertwined, and watch Steve play. When Steve got bigger he and Bob would set lobster traps. These expeditions, they informed Anne solemnly, were for men only.

So she would stay in the car until they returned. And when they did it was as if man and wife had never been separated.

As time went on, though, these simple diversions gradually had had to be sacrificed for things more in line with Bob's rising position in the company. There again Anne had done her part well. The engagement pad by the telephone was always full of the right things to do, the right places to go.

She herself seemed to be either going somewhere or coming from somewhere all the time. Occasionally, when Bob got in unexpectedly from a trip, they might meet by the driveway or in the house and he would say, giving her the once-over, "Say, you're not bad. Haven't we met some place before?"

And Anne would reply, "Another of those travelling salesmen." Then they'd kiss and Bob would look for Steve and chat with him a while before he got to work on his endless reports.

Now, driving home, he glanced out at the countryside. It was early autumn and the air, though still warm, bore a hint of the crispness to come. His eyes fixed on a big apple tree, hung with ripening fruit. Funny, I never noticed that before, he thought, and his mind returned to his boyhood in Pennsylvania.

There had been an ancient apple tree in the farthest corner of the yard, and he remembered lying under it, his back against the gnarled trunk. He had got in the habit of taking all his young pain and all his happiness to that haven, too.

Suddenly he had the urge to stop the car and walk back and stretch

out beneath this tree. The very foolishness of the thought surprised him, even frightened him. Was that symbolic of something — a fear, perhaps, that he couldn't handle the new job and was seeking escape? That wasn't true. He could handle it, and with authority.

"Knothead!" he said aloud to himself.

Anne's station wagon was gone from the garage. Bob thought: "Maybe that's why I didn't call her; I knew she wouldn't be home, anyway." He got out of his car and saw Steve's bicycle in the driveway.

"Hi, big boy!" he called, and waited for Steve to call back. There was no answer. He opened the kitchen door. Mrs. Dawes, the housekeeper, was peeling potatoes at the sink. "Isn't Steve home yet?" Bob asked her.

"Yes," Mrs. Dawes said, "he's home, all right."

She sounded exasperated.

"What's the matter?" Bob said.

She put her hands on her hips. "An hour ago — only an hour ago, mind you, Mr. Hampton — Steve called up ten of his friends and invited them all over to dinner tonight. He told them it was his birthday."

"His birthday!" Bob stared at her. "His birthday's in May!"

"I know," Mrs. Dawes said, "and he knows. You figure it out."

"I intend to," Bob said. "Where is he?"

"In his room. I think he knows he's in for it."

Without another word Bob strode through the house and up the stairs. Steve's door was partly open. Bob pushed it all the way and stood there for a moment looking at his son, who was sitting astride a chair by the window.

"Steve," Bob said.

The boy did not move. "What?" he said softly.

"Mrs. Dawes told me what you did. Do you realise how much work you've made for her?"

"I guess so," Steve said.

"You guess so! You'd better know so, and darn quick!"

"Yes, sir," Steve said, "I know so."

"And you'd better know that you can't go around telling people it's your birthday any time you feel like having a ball. What made you do such a thing?"

Slowly Steve turned his head, and Bob saw the clean profile that was so like Anne's, the good mouth, trembling a little now. Then the grey eyes, Anne's, too, lifted to meet Bob's. "I don't know," he said.

Something caught and shattered in Bob, taking all his sternness and leaving him with the strange sensation that in this moment he and his son were just alike.

A flash of comprehension went through his mind, and he heard himself saying in a gentle voice, "Steve — would you write the telephone numbers of your ten pals on a piece of paper and take it downstairs to Mrs. Dawes?"

The boy looked puzzled, but he said, "All right."

Bob went out of the room and along the hall. He felt vibrant for the first time in hours. He wanted

to shout with laughter, because Steve had opened the door that had been closed. Youngsters rebelled naturally.

They were the black-and-white people, the uncomplicated. And very often they were able to see what adults did not — that while the world of business might be getting successfully bigger, another world, the very important one of unity, could be diminishing. Steve had sought to hold on to that old, familiar oneness the only way he could.

As Bob went into the kitchen he gave Mrs. Dawes an apologetic grin. "I'm going to play a dirty trick on you, lady. I'm going to ask if you'll call the numbers that Steve will give you and say the party has been postponed for a while."

"With pleasure," Mrs. Dawes said.

"Where's Mrs. Hampton?"

"At the Bay Club."

"Oh. Well, tell Steve I'll be out in the car waiting for him," Bob said. He got to the door and turned. "And don't count on any of us for dinner tonight, Mrs. Dawes."

He was lighting a cigarette when Steve came out and stood by the car. "Get in," Bob said.

The boy opened the door and slid

in and sat quietly while his father backed to the road and drove towards the Bay Club. The only time they spoke was when Bob, feeling Steve's uncertainty, turned his head to say, "Hiya."

"Hiya," Steve said, and gave a long sigh.

At the club's parking lot Bob stopped. "Be right back," he said, and went inside and asked for Anne. She was alone on the terrace making fancy paper hats. Bob bent and kissed the top of her blond head.

She looked up. "My gosh," she said, "it's you."

"It'd better be me," Bob said. Welcome had come into her eyes at the sight of him, but he saw faint signs of weariness there, too. "Look," he said, "is this a big thing, or could you drop it and come with us?"

"Consider it dropped," she said instantly, and stood up and put her arm through his. "Us?" she said as they walked towards the door.

"Steve and me."

"The men," Anne said. They got in the car, one on each side of Steve. Bob turned the ignition key. "I thought we might take in a hamburger and a movie tonight," he said. He continued,

feeling a rising glow, "Tomorrow's Saturday, I believe. Tomorrow we're going to pack a picnic lunch and find an apple tree and eat under it."

"An apple tree," Anne and Steve said together.

"An apple tree," Bob said firmly. "Oh, boy," Steve said.

There will be no better time or place than that to tell them about the job, Bob thought, and knew that his wish of a while ago to run to the tree had not been born of fear, but a homely yearning for the same thing Steve yearned for — and possibly Anne.

He remembered the tiredness in her eyes. This afternoon had been a warning, too. The new job would be wonderful for all of them; but no matter how far you went it was always good to come back to something simple and strong and binding — like an apple tree.

He looked across Steve's tousled head at Anne, wondering if she'd think he had gone off his rocker. And he found that she was looking back at him, her face softly alight, as if she understood. That marvellous coolness flowed between them. "Darling," she said, "what a lovely idea!"

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"Steve, do you realise how much work you've made for Mrs. Dawes?" Bob said.



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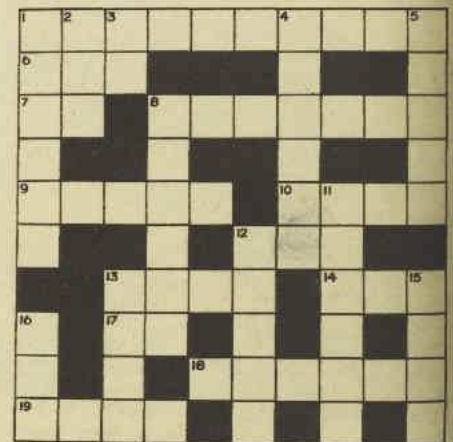
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6. Colours — when dyes are not fast.
7. For the best results from your washing machine — put Surf in
8. Surf whites are
9. Surf is gentle to clothes, gentle to hands, for Surf suds are not
10. The person with the least washday worries is the Surf
12. Surf is ideal for your wash.
13. Every washing machine deserves it.
14. A form of water.
17. Not down.
18. Surf leaves them sparkling clean.

19. You get the world's cleanest, whitest — with Surf.

#### DOWN

1. Your coloureds will be — with Surf.
2. Car drivers avoid a
3. Not out.
4. The Dodger was this.
5. You can't win this competition unless you
8. No smears, no drying up with a Surf
11. There's not even a trace of scum with Surf.
12. To stick on.
13. You get masses of these with Surf, instantly!
15. Washdays are — with Surf.
16. — Australians haven't heard of Surf.





It was the craziest joke . . . an amusing short story

BY JACK FINNEY

LIVING on his side in the darkness, the blanket pulled tight over his shoulders, Mike Cutler heard his wife stir on the other side of the big double bed.

"You asleep?" she murmured.

"No, not yet. I'm cold. Little chilly, anyway."

"Turn your control up."

"I did. And I'm still cold." He reached out to the table beside him and turned the electric-blanket control higher.

"It's your imagination," Iris Cutler answered. "It's not cold. Actually, it's rather warm."

"Maybe, but why are you still awake, then?"

"I'm thirsty. It really is too warm."

"Difference in basal metabolism." He rolled over to face her. "It's a well-known scientific fact that women keep warmer than men. They've got a layer of fat just under the skin that insulates—"

"I'm not fat! I just don't imagine I'm cold when I'm actually roasting." She rose defiantly on one elbow, reaching out to her bedside table.

In the faint orange glow of light from the little plastic box that regulated the heat in her half of the blanket, Mike saw her turn down the control, and he grinned. "Okay, you've convinced me by the sheer power of logic that I must be warm as toast. But I still imagine I'm freezing."

He heard Iris sigh as she turned away, the sound muffled by her pillow, and he knew, as though he could see her, what position she lay in. Courting sleep, she was lying on her stomach like

a child, an arm dangling from the side of the bed, head half-buried in her pillow and turned towards the wall.

The idea sprang full-born, and at first, grinning in the darkness, he struggled to resist it. But the compulsion was too strong — he had to do this — and for several moments he lay, figuring how. It was impossible, he decided, to get out of bed silently, so he sighed loudly, squirming as though in restless inability to sleep. But his movements had a purpose, and when he again lay motionless one knee and the toes of one bare foot were on the floor beside the bed.

It was an awkward position to maintain, but for a good two minutes he lay unmoving, till his leg muscles began trembling from strain. Once more, then, thumping his pillow, he moved in apparent restlessness, and when he had finished he was on both knees beside the bed, only his arms and upper body still on the mattress. Iris sighed in mild protest at his squirming and he held his breath; but she did not alter her position.

With infinite care, he began lifting the weight of his upper body from the bed. Ears alert for the slightest squeak of a spring, he eased his body upward. Finally, Mike was completely out of bed, listening to the gentle sound of his wife's breathing.

He carefully lowered himself to a sitting position; then, in utter silence, hands braced on the floor

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Mike leant over cautiously as his wife sat up and screamed loudly: "There's someone under the bed!"

# BEDTIME STORY



behind him, he began lowering his shoulders towards the floor.

"Still awake?" Iris murmured, and Mike quickly raised himself till his lips were level with his pillow.

"Mmm," he muttered sleepily. "Sort of." He waited a few seconds, and when Iris made no response he lowered himself till he lay flat on the floor. Soundlessly, he began sliding across the waxed-wood floor under the bed.

Sliding a few inches at a time—first shoulders, then hips, then heels—he reached the opposite side of the bed, and in the dim orange light he could see Iris' relaxed hand, dangling only a few inches from his face. Grinning, he carefully raised a hand toward hers. Then, as though shaking hands, he fitted his hand into Iris', let it lie motionless for a second, then gently squeezed her hand.

**T**HERE was a single instant when the hand in his did not move. Then it was yanked violently upward, and Iris shrieked. Under cover of the sudden noise, Mike scuttled under the bed.

Calling, "Mike! Mike!" Iris was fumbling for the switch of the bed lamp beside her, the glass shade rattling in its metal bracket, as Mike raised his head to the level of his pillow and began muttering sleepily.

"What's matter? 'S wrong?" he said. Then he slid his hips under the blanket and rolled towards his wife. The light flashed on, and Iris swung towards him, her black, shoulder-length hair flying.

She was a pretty girl of twenty-four, but now her mouth was agape, her blue eyes wide.

"Something—" She was momentarily unable to continue, and she swallowed abruptly, a trembling hand pointing to the floor. "Something grabbed me!" she shrieked then, and scrambled across the bed to clutch Mike around the waist. "Mike!" she whispered, "there's someone under the bed!"

"Under the bed?" His voice was astounded, and he drew back to stare at her in wonder.



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Continuing . . .

## BEDTIME STORY

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Then he rolled to the edge of the bed on his side and peered under the springs. Iris waited, staring wide-eyed at his striped pyjama coat stretched tight over his back. "There's nothing under here, Iris," he said.

"Mike, are you sure?" she said urgently. "Look again!"

Once more he lowered his head and shoulders towards the floor, and Iris reached out quickly to pluck a flattened roll of dust-grey lint from the back of his pyjama coat. "No, of course not. There's nothing under here," he answered, as her fingers darted. Iris lifted several more crushed wads of grey lint from his pyjamas. "You must have been dreaming," he said. "What happened?"

"Well—" she frowned at him doubtfully, as though she were no longer sure—"I thought I felt a hand reach up from the floor"—under the straps of her white nightgown, Iris' slim shoulders moved in a little shudder—"and take hold of mine. It just reached up, took hold of my hand—and sort of squeezed. It was horrible!" she said in sudden anger, glaring at Mike.

Then she shrugged and added quickly, "But, of course, you're right. I must have been dreaming." Under the blanket her thumb and forefinger were rolling into a tight little ball the wads of fluff she knew could have come only from the floor under the bed.

"Sure," Mike was saying. His lean, angular face was solemn. "I've had dreams like that. Seemed pretty real, did it?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, yes," she nodded. Then her lips parted in disgust. "It was a horrible hand, sort of pudgy and bloated. The kind you hate to shake hands with. I've noticed that a person with that kind of hand always has something wrong with him, something sneaky and underhanded in his nature. You know what I mean, darling?"

"Well—I guess so," he said. "Time to get to sleep." Iris murmured as she put off the lamp. "Sorry I disturbed you."

"Not at all." From his voice Iris knew he was grinning. "It was a pleasure."

"I'm glad you think so, darling," she murmured sweetly. "You're such a comfort," and now Iris Culler, too, was smiling in the darkness. For several moments the room was silent. Then she spoke again. "Aren't you thirsty, Mike?"

"Nope."

"Well, I am. It's that left-over ham I had for supper. I'm hot and I'm thirsty. I'm dying for something really cold to drink." She threw back the blanket.

"Don't let me disturb you," she murmured. "Try to get to sleep now," and she walked out of the bedroom and down the hall towards the kitchen.

Clasping his hands under his head, Mike lay smiling up at the invisible ceiling. From the kitchen, he heard the refrigerator door open, the rattle of ice cubes, then the sound of running water in the sink, and a cupboard door opening and closing. Presently the kitchen light clicked off, he heard the faint whisper of Iris' bare feet on the hall floor, and again he rolled quietly out of bed.

When his wife appeared, her slim figure silhouetted momentarily in the doorway, he was kneeling beside the bed once more, his head on his pillow. As Iris sat down on her side of the bed and swung her legs up, he raised himself from the bed and knelt beside it, waiting.

He heard her pull up the blanket, then heard the sigh that meant she was again lying, waiting for sleep, an arm dangling from the side of the bed.

Once more he slid soundlessly across the floor under the bed, and in the faint

orange glow saw the relaxed hand, fingers hanging limply. Grinning, he reached towards it, then paused. This time, it occurred to him, there would be no moment of stunned astonishment, during which Iris' hand would lie motionless in his.

This time, he was certain, it would be yanked instantly upward. And so, careful not to touch it prematurely, he raised his own hand until it was directly beside his wife's. Then, his grin widening, he suddenly gripped it tightly.

The hand collapsed in his; nightmarishly, unable to stop the contraction of his own hand, he felt his wife's hand squeeze to a limp and boneless pulp. Then the blood oozed up between the fingers, ran down over the back of his hand



and down his wrist, and it was cold, icy.

In absolute horror, unable to think, he yelled in wild terror, letting go the crushed hand and trying to heave himself upright, banging his head hard against the box springs. "Iris!" he yelled, scrambling out from under the bed, scraping his chest and knees.

As he struggled frantically to his feet, the bedside light clicked on, and as he blinked against the sudden glare, his face went suddenly white. For Iris lay propped up on one elbow, and from the end of her outstretched arm hung a blood-red, mangled, and dripping hand.

"Here you are, night crawler," she said quietly. "Just take this, and empty it in the bathroom."

His eyes still wide with terror, his mouth hanging open, Mike slowly reached out to take the red rubber glove she was holding—one of the pair, he realised dazedly, she used in dishwashing. It was cold, still partly filled with ice water, and as he stared down at it, his heart was still pounding wildly.

"I guess you must have been dreaming, too, darling," Iris murmured, smiling up at him sweetly. "Sleepwalking, in fact. Or should I say sleepcrawling? Now, suppose you just get rid of that for me, and let's try to get some sleep."

Once again they were lying quietly in bed. Then Mike murmured, "Man dies of exposure; wife held. Do you

think it's right when your husband is perishing of cold to soak his pyjamas in ice water?"

"Did you really get soaked?" She smiled in the darkness.

"Well, one sleeve is pretty wet. It's only by an effort of will that I keep my teeth from chattering."

Iris' bedlamp clicked on and she leaned across Mike, peering towards his table. "Are you sure your control's on all the way?"

"High as it'll go." "Well, mine's off, and I'm so warm I could die. I'll get you some fresh pyjamas."

"Don't bother. An almost pleasant numbness is creeping over me. I've read about it in books on arctic exploration—the sweet prelude to eternal sleep."

"Don't talk that way, even joking." She was opening a dressing-table drawer; then she pulled out a maroon pyjama coat and tossed it to him.

He threw the striped pyjama

down at her. "First, the clink of the glass on the cool marble counter, then the merry tinkle of the long, silvery spoon. You unwrap the straw, then plunge it deep into the foamy goodness before you; but hold!"

He leaned towards her. "Let it get cold first. Really cold. Hang on to yourself."

"I'm trying to!"

"And now—see? The iron strength of your will has been justly rewarded. See the mist forming on the sides of your glass? Your soda is ice-cold now, all its chocolaty goodness enhanced and intensified."

"At last you pick up your spoon, your eager lips move towards the golden straw, and you feel in anticipation that first glorious sip, that throat-cooling surge of goodness. How's it taste?" He leaned towards her solicitously. "Glad you waited till it was really cold?"

"Mike, I want one."

"Me, too." He nodded.

"No, I mean it, Mike. I absolutely have got to have a chocolate soda."

He was frowning slightly now. "How do you mean?"

She shook her head in helpless patience. "I mean I've got to have a chocolate soda. I'll lie awake all night thinking about it."

For a moment longer he stood staring down at her; then he pushed himself from the dressing-table. "I'll fix you some ice water—really cold. And you'll forget all about—"

"No, I don't want ice water," she said, maintaining her patience. "It just won't do any more. Mike, I can't help it." She looked at him appealingly. "I really can't, darling. I've just got to have a chocolate soda."

"You serious?" She nodded.

He shook his head. "I've heard of women who've just got to have Swiss cheese or bananas or charcoal in the middle of the night." He smiled at her. "But they're always pregnant, it turns out. Don't tell me you're—"

"No." She smiled, but when Mike expelled his breath in an exaggerated sigh of relief she frowned at him. "Well, it wouldn't be as bad as all that, would it, if I were?"

He shrugged. "Well—maybe not in two or three years. But right now—"

"I know, I know." Then, her voice imitating his, she said, "After we've been married a few more years. And saved some money. And can afford a house out of the city—you can't raise children in an apartment."

"Well," he said, "that's true, isn't it?"

She shrugged a shoulder. "I guess so. Anyway, I'm not pregnant. I just want a chocolate soda."

He nodded, extinguishing his cigarette in an ashtray on the dressing-table. "Well, I'd get you one if I could. I really would. Serve me right for teasing you. But all the stores are closed now, so—" He stopped to stare at her. Iris was slowly shaking her head, smiling, and Mike frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Not the cafeteria."

"What cafeteria?"

"That great big one at Fifty-Sixth or Seventh. They serve sodas and they're open all night."

"It'll take you fifteen minutes, Mike. There's always a cab at the stand on the corner this time of night and—"

"Do you mean get dressed, actually get dressed in the middle of the night, go clear downstairs, and—"

"You don't have to get dressed. Not exactly. Just slip some pants on right over your pyjamas and wear your leather jacket and your slippers. You

won't need socks; it won't be cold in the cab. And you can zip your jacket up to hide your pyjama top. Take you one minute to get dressed. In fifteen minutes easily you can be back here with two delicious, foamy, chocolaty, yum-yum-yummy sodas. And I want one."

It took something over twenty-five minutes, and the sodas, when Mike finally returned with them, were not made with Dutch chocolate. Nor were they in tall, frosted glasses. They were in cardboard cartons, the ice-cream half-melted, all the bubbles gone. But they were cold, and they enjoyed them.

Iris sipped the last of hers, then she sighed pleasantly. "That was fun," she said, holding her hand out for Mike's empty carton.

"Silliest night I ever spent in my life," Mike said as he got into bed and grinned at her.

"Yes," Iris lay waiting, one hand on the light switch till Mike settled down, pulling the blanket tight over his shoulders. "It was silly, all right." She snapped off the light and lay back, sighing. "Reminds me of our honeymoon."

"I didn't know our honeymoon was silly."

"Yes, it was," she said quietly. "It was wonderfully silly. We did what we really wanted to, Mike."

"Yeah," he said, and she smiled.

"Oh, you know what I mean. Like tonight. We weren't always watching the clock. We didn't spend our days worrying about the future; we took it for granted. And we didn't fret about the consequences of everything we did or wanted to do. We did things on impulse, and it was fun, Mike."

"I know." From his voice she knew he was remembering, too. Then he sighed. "But that's a honeymoon."

"And real life has to be different. Anyway, it was fun tonight. Now, back to being sensible again, I suppose; time to get some sleep."

"If I ever can," he muttered. "I'm actually shivering. It's the ice-cream, I guess."

"And I'm roasting again. I simply can't understand—" She broke off abruptly; there was an instant of stunned silence; then Iris burst into laughter.

Mike rose on one elbow to stare at her through the darkness. "What's wrong?"

"I changed the sheets this morning, and—and—you've been turning up your blanket control, getting colder and colder. And I've been getting warmer and warmer, turning my control down."

"Yeah? So?"

"Don't you see? I reversed the blanket when I put it back on! You've been heating up my side, while I've been freezing you out!"

Mike smiled wryly in the darkness but did not laugh. "Well, let's turn the darned blanket over."

"No." Still smiling, she shook her head. "I'll do it tomorrow; tonight we can just trade sides." She moved to his side of the bed; then, as her husband started to get up to walk around the foot of the bed, she put a hand on his arm. "Or better yet," she said softly, "we'll stay right here. I'll keep you warm, darling."

After a few moments, her arms around her husband, holding him close, she asked, "That better?"

"Yeah. First time I've been warm all night. But I'm still wide awake," he said softly.

After a moment, she murmured, "Me, too."

And then her husband put his arms around her and kissed her. "Who needs a house in the country?" he said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 11, 1960





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**Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair!** Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.

Give your hair  
that shining look-again look  
with **HALO** shampoo

Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3



R074

Continuing . . .

## HONS AND REBELS

from page 15

A few days later we were summoned to the British Consulate for an audience with Mr. Stevenson.

Mr. Stevenson, a middle-aged, weedy man with reddish moustache and balding head, was seated at a large desk in this drab little corner of England on foreign soil. He was surrounded by English neatness and orderliness and exuded English lack of charm.

"You two have caused a great deal of trouble," he announced in curt, official tones. "I have instructions to return you to England immediately, Miss Mitford. When can you be ready to leave?"

"But I'm staying here. I don't intend to leave."

"Mr. Stevenson, I suppose you are aware that you have neither the authority nor the power to make Miss Mitford leave against her will," Esmond broke in, assuming his out-consuling of consuls manner.

We argued for half an hour, then we left to return to the hotel. The first round with Mr. Stevenson had ended, we felt, in a draw.

### Now the Navy

Next day Mr. Stevenson came to see us.

"Miss Mitford, I have just received word that your sister and brother-in-law are coming to Bermeo tomorrow on a British destroyer to see you. I think the least you can do is to go and meet your sister."

"Which sister is it?" I asked.

"Mrs. Peter Rodd. I am going to Bermeo on business tomorrow, I have to meet the captain of the destroyer. I shall pick you up here at six o'clock in the morning."

We spent long hours deciding that I should go. If I refused, Nancy and Peter would probably come to Bilbao and cause embarrassing scenes.

On the other hand, perhaps there was a plan to kidnap me and forcibly take me on board the destroyer. I promised Esmond not to go aboard under any circumstances.

The port of Bermeo is only thirty miles from Bilbao, but the drive there took almost two hours on the stony mountain roads.

Mr. Stevenson led me to a bench on the wharf and disappeared.

Hours and hours went by . . . Finally the destroyer appeared and docked, and officers and men came ashore. I was actually very excited at the thought of seeing Nancy, and extremely anxious to hear news from home.

I searched the group from the destroyer, but there was no sign of Nancy or Peter. The tall, handsome captain of the destroyer came over to me, looking very English.

"Miss Mitford? Look, I'm awfully sorry. Your sister didn't come after all. Bad show. But we do want you to come on board for lunch; you must be starved."

Indeed, I was; I had had nothing to eat all day, as we had left too early for the hotel breakfast.

"I'd love to, but I can't."

"Oh, too bad. We'd really love to have you. Roast chicken, bread sauce, peas, mashed potatoes, chocolate cake, all that sort of thing, you know." He rolled the words slowly with tantalising emphasis.

I could practically feel my gastric juices working at the thought of the roast chicken and chocolate cake, but I remained firm. I couldn't leave just now. I had come with Mr. Stevenson. He might think it rude of me to go off for lunch; but the captain had an answer to demolish each objection.

"Well, I'll tell you the real reason I can't come. I have an awful feeling you'd lock me up as soon as we got aboard and take me back to England."

He was outraged. "What a ghastly idea! What do you take us for, kidnappers? Look here. I give you my word as an Englishman that we'd do no such thing. You would come on board for lunch, then we'd take you right back on shore in plenty of time to go back to Bilbao with Mr. Stevenson."

I refused. The long afternoon dragged by. I sat haughtily on the bench until at sundown, stiff with cold and hunger, I joined Mr. Stevenson for the return trip to Bilbao. I was inwardly raging at Esmond for being so super-cautious about the lunch. That nice captain certainly would never have double-crossed me after giving his word of honor.

I got back to find Esmond pacing up and down in a violent temper. He had just received a telegram from Hastings, my father's solicitors. It read: "Miss Jessica Mitford is a ward of court stop if you marry her without leave of judge you will be liable to imprisonment."

I was horrified. This, then, meant total war. I was beginning to see that Esmond's attitude to my family was far more realistic than my own.

Shortly after this we heard again from Mr. Stevenson. This time he produced an "ace in the hole" against which there was no possible counter-strategy.

He pointed out that the Basque Government were counting heavily on British facilities to evacuate women and children, refugees from the anticipated offensive. He threatened to refuse further co-operation in the evacuation programme unless we agreed voluntarily to leave the Basque territory.

Since we were staying in Bilbao as guests of the Government Press Bureau and were relying on them for help in getting stories, he would notify the Press Bureau that unless they severed all relations with us he in turn would withdraw British assistance from the refugees.

This fantastic piece of bargaining brought home to me the strength and ruthlessness of the forces ranged against us.

In a final stormy session with Mr. Stevenson he capitulated; but not before Esmond had exacted a bargain that we should return, not to England, but to the South of France. We embarked the next day on a destroyer for Saint Jean de Luz.

Nancy and Peter Rodd were waiting for us at Saint Jean de Luz. We saw them at the end of the gangplank; Nancy, tall and beautiful, waving at us with her gloves, and Peter, rather square and stocky, hands in pockets in his usual "tough" attitude.

"Decca, really you are a naughty little thing," Nancy began, "worrying us all like that. Poor Muv has been in floods ever since you left, and so has Nanny. Nanny keeps saying you didn't have any suitable clothes to fight in."

"I certainly did," I answered indignantly. "I got a special suit."

"We were all amazed that you didn't come back last week on the other destroyer," Nancy continued. "Everything was all arranged for the captain to lure you on board by promising delicious things to eat, but he said you couldn't be lured."

"I saw through the stupid trick at once," I retorted, wishing it were true.

From what Nancy told me, and from what I learned later, I was able to piece together what had happened at home since I left.

My mother was surprised and rather worried at getting my letters from Bayonne. Towards the end of the two weeks, she tried to put a telephone call through to 40 Rue Napoleon, Dieppe, only to learn that neither I nor the twins had been heard of there.

Scotland Yard and the Foreign Office were called in to conduct a search. News of my disappearance began to filter through to family and friends.

### Nanny cried

"Everyone sent flowers — it was just like a funeral," Nancy said. "Poor Muv in the drawing-room, wringing her hands, Nanny crying about what must be the state of your underclothes by now with no one to wash them for you, visitors arriving, and flowers every few minutes . . . the place was like a hot-house."

A major London newspaper had soon got wind of the story. They sent a reporter round to offer the newspaper's facilities. Their correspondents would be alerted to help find me, if my parents would give them all details. They promised there would be no publicity whatsoever. My parents trustingly confided in them.

Next day, the newspaper's front page blared forth the story — only, in their haste, they had named Debo as the runaway instead of me. This was to become the subject of a libel suit, which was finally settled in Debo's favor for £1000. Esmond never quite got over the unfairness of this. ("You did all the work, and Debo got £1000 out of it!")



Continuing . . .

## HONS AND REBELS

Peter Nevile, away in the country, read the story in the paper and hurried back to London. The time had come for him to deliver his message to my father.

"Worse than I thought!" were Farve's first words. "Married to Esmond Romilly!"

Now family councils began in earnest. Peter Rodd came forward once more to offer his services. He masterminded the Ward in Chancery operation. If I were made a ward of the court, he reasoned, a judge would have jurisdiction over my movements.

The judge would bring into play all the law-enforcement machinery, arrange to have me extradited from a foreign country, issue orders governing my actions . . .

### Hitler grieved

Aunts and cousins came forward with their suggestions. I should be allowed to marry at once; a divorce would then be secured, and I should be settled in a flat in London, to live out my days as a social outcast . . .

Even Hitler had his say. Boud told him:

"My sister Decca has run away to Spain with the Reds."

Hitler sank his head in his hands. "Armes Kind!" (Poor child) he sighed.

Meanwhile, the newspapers were having a field-day.

"You were the first one in the family to be on posters," Nancy told me. "Boud was frightfully jealous."

Nancy and Peter left, having failed completely in their mission. Esmond and I went on to Bayonne, a few miles up the coast from Saint Jean de Luz.

After engaging a room at the Hotel des Basques, we walked slowly along the river, discussing the future. It looked very, very bleak. We had exactly nine shillings between us, barely enough for two day's room and board at the hotel. French law forbids foreigners to work without a permit, and

permits are virtually impossible to obtain.

We were miserably wretched as we walked along the dark, windy river bank. It seemed as though we had come to a dead end.

"Let's go back to the hotel," Esmond finally suggested. "Perhaps by tomorrow morning we'll have thought of something."

The next morning he presented himself at the local offices of Reuters news agency. Within an hour he had persuaded them to retain his services as interpreter for despatches from the Basque front, which could only be heard on the Bayonne radio.

Reuters agreed to pay two pounds a week — which by a fortunate coincidence happened to be the exact price of weekly room and board at the Hotel des Basques for the two of us.

Esmond returned to the hotel and explained to M. Erramuzpe, the Basque proprietor, that in order to pay our weekly bill we should have his help in translating the Spanish broadcasts into French. We would then write up the English translation.

M. Erramuzpe saw the point at once. Every evening the three of us huddled round the radio.

Our life once more settled into a routine. Esmond had started writing "Boadilla," a book about the Spanish war. He worked every morning, cursing the unknowable workings of his portable typewriter. At noon came an enormous Basque meal.

In the afternoon we sometimes went to the beach at Biarritz or Saint Jean de Luz with a journalist whose acquaintance we had made. In the evening, our nightly tussle with the radio broadcasts; then another huge meal, eaten very late, in the company of refugees from Bilbao or Guernica who crowded the hotel.

I used to watch Esmond as he worked furiously on "Boadilla," brown head bent over the typewriter, papers scattered all over the floor, wondering how much he minded

being separated from the struggle in Spain.

He seldom spoke of his decision not to return to Spain, though he referred to it once in "Boadilla":

"The first battalion was being trained at Albacete. It was part of the section of a thousand Englishmen who, in February, were to hold the most vital positions near the Valencia road under twelve days of the biggest artillery bombardment of the war, then counter-attack and make Madrid's road safe for months — perhaps for good. I might have gone back and joined those men, who are the real heroes of the Spanish struggle. But I did not go. I got married and lived happily instead . . ."

The news from the Madrid front, where the battle of Teruel was raging, filled him with gloom.

One night, sitting with the black-garbed refugees in the hotel dining-room, we heard over the radio that Guernica, capital of the Basque Republic, had been totally destroyed by Nazi bombers.

An old Basque woman arose, her face distorted by rage and despair:

"Allemandes! Criminales! Animales! Bestiales!" she cried, her voice rising with every word.

### We marry

Soon after we arrived at the Hotel des Basques, I wrote a letter to the Chancery judge who had become my unknown guardian. I argued that he would not be able to extradite me, as I had committed no crime, and that I knew from reading detective stories that it takes at least a year to extradite even a known murderer.

I suggested that if I were forced to wait until I was twenty-one, I might already have a family; and that, therefore, in the interests of propriety, the marriage should take place rather soon. It was Esmond, in his best "out-judging judges" form, who actually drafted the letter.

The judge sent his permission by return of post, and I had won the final round with my family.

To our surprise, both our mothers came to Bayonne for the wedding. We were married by the British Consul, who intoned a special service: "By warrant of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs I hereby make known that according to the law of England you are man and wife."

The mothers sat looking, as Esmond said, "more like chief mourners at a funeral than wedding guests." But they cheered up after the ceremony, and took us and a party of our friends from the Basque Consulate to a delicious wedding lunch.

After the wedding we were once more, by Esmond's standards, rich. Wedding presents and an advance from the publisher of "Boadilla" had brought our funds up to undreamed-of heights — over £50.

"I've been thinking a great deal about boules lately," he announced. Boule is a sort of junior gambling game played in French casinos.

When he spoke about boules, Esmond's face assumed a far-away expression of one seeing a vision of happiness; the look of a child on his way to his



DIANA MITFORD, divorced from the Hon. Bryan Guinness, had become a supporter of the British Union of Fascists, led by Sir Oswald Mosley, whom she later married. Here she is shown with Mosley in a picture taken on his release from security detention after World War II. Below Diana is seen campaigning for Mosley when he was a Socialist candidate in a British General Election before he became a Fascist.



first circus. It was a soft, radiant look, full of excitement and promise for the future, and one that I was to come to know well.

On this occasion, Esmond had devised an absolutely watertight system for winning. As he told me of it, hammering restlessly away at the boundless possibilities, I too became convinced.

We settled on Dieppe as the ideal spot in which to make our fortune at the boules table. Our journalist friend had left for Bilbao, and he had asked us to keep an eye on his ancient car.

Esmond pointed out to me that we shouldn't be able to keep our promise to him if we left without the car, and that we had better take it along with us to Dieppe.

It didn't take long to clean us out. About two agonising hours, and we were through.

We wandered into an all-night cafe. Esmond was just mentioning the possibility of exchanging the car for a fishing boat when we heard a shout of greeting. A friend of his, a former correspondent of "Out of Bounds," suddenly appeared in the doorway of the cafe.

His name was Roger Rough-ton, and he was just on his way back from a holiday in France.

Roger bought us a drink, and we sat and talked at length about the evils of gambling and the pitfalls of systems.

Roger was of the view that in order to make any money at gambling one would have to run one's own game, and be the "house." Esmond was inclined to agree, and proposed a weekly vingt-et-un game, in which no expensive equipment would be needed. We had got as far as drawing up a list of "Possible Suckers," such as Giles, the Paget twins, Philip Toynbee, the Peter Rodds, and various other friends and relations, when Roger let slip the information that he had just acquired a huge furnished house in Rotherhithe, looking right out on the Thames river—an ideal spot for a gambling den.

### Fairy story

Esmond was immediately on the alert. "I didn't know you had a house! How many rooms has it got?" he asked, flashing me one of his conspiratorial looks under his thick eyelashes. The house had four storeys and seven rooms, completely furnished with grand piano, beds, stoves, and a total rent of only £2 a month.

We regretfully decided to leave the car parked on a

Dieppe street. It really wasn't working any more. "These journalists certainly don't know how to take proper care of their things," Esmond said.

Living with Esmond was like going for a walk in a fairy story, I decided. A day later, having borrowed the boat fare back to England from Roger, we moved into 41 Rotherhithe Street.

Esmond got a job as copywriter for a small advertising agency in the Strand. We kept our actual living expenses well within his five-pound-a-week salary, mostly by the simple expedient of never buying anything. Esmond was always trying to pile up enough capital to start a nightclub, or get a car, and to this end we would take whatever was left of his weekly income and go to the greyhound races every Friday night. But these expeditions usually ended in disaster.

We even tried the gambling-den idea a couple of times. Roger contributed part of the £10 capital, and we invited twenty or thirty people, and set up a game of vingt-et-un. But somehow even being "the house" didn't work for us, and by the end of the second session we had lost most of the capital.

To page 39



DREAM REALISED. Deborah, youngest Mitford daughter, dreamed since childhood of marrying a duke—and she did. Here is Deborah at her 1941 marriage to the Duke of Devonshire's son and heir.





"Flavourific?" "Bobby Dazzler?" No... this clown (Bobby Limb) is really out on a limb when it comes to finding the right word.

There ought to be a better word than **"DELICIOUS"**  
- just for **Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**



The stars on any breakfast table, anywhere, anytime, are those big, crunchy flakes of corn with the most baffling taste in the world. When you're spoon-deep in a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, you're enjoying a world-famous flavour... one that many have tried to copy — but all have failed. The corn comes from Nature — but the flavour is a well-kept Kellogg's secret.

Encore ! Encore !

*Blimb* (BOBBY LIMB)

BEST-LIKED BECAUSE THEY TASTE BEST!

Better-tasting, more sustaining because **Kellogg's** do wonders with corn.



Continuing . . .

## HONS AND REBELS

[from page 37]

I now began to meet some of Esmond's friends for the first time. Social life consisted mainly of "bottle parties." These were frequented by a motley crowd of journalists, writers, nightclub singers, students. Of the many who drifted across the scene, like bit players in a movie, only a few now stand out in my memory: Peter Neville, Roger Roughton, Philip Toynbee, Esmond's brother Giles . . .

Philip was our only link, if rather a disreputable one, with the now-stranded world of London society. Although a member of the Communist Party, he still found time to take in a good number of debutante dances during the London season, and he would regale us with accounts of these.

Our friends who tried unsuccessfully to recruit us into the Communist Party would generally oversimplify the reasons for Esmond's refusal to join: "He's incapable of submitting to discipline," or "He's too much of an individualist." Esmond's real reasons were considerably more complex.

True, his nature was one that resisted discipline, yet he had proved himself quite capable of submitting to discipline when it was obviously necessary to the objective, as in Spain.

But he saw no need for the kind of discipline for discipline's sake that seemed to be practised in the English Party, and he was determined to stay clear of the petty inner-Party squabbles, the pigeon-holing of people as "deviationists," "petty-bourgeois disrupters," etc., of which we heard so much from our Communist friends.

Though the Party's goals were generally the same as his own, there were rather too many false theatricals attached

to membership to suit the more sober mood in which he had returned from Spain.

The Bermondsey Labor Party was much more to our liking. At the monthly meetings, held in a shabby hall not far from Rotherhithe Street, vigorous discussions would take place on the important political events of the day.

### My baby dies

On May Day the entire community turned out, men, women and children, home-made banners proclaiming slogans of the "United Front against Fascism" waving alongside the official ones.

Everyone took lunch in a paper bag, and there was much good-natured jostling and shouting of orders, and last-minute rounding up of children who had darted away in the crowd.

We had been warned that the Blackshirts might try to disrupt the parade, and sure enough there were groups of them lying in wait at several points along the way. Armed with rubber truncheons and knuckledusters they leaped out from behind buildings; there were several brief battles in which the Blackshirts were overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of the Bermondsey men.

Once I caught sight of two familiar, tall blond figures: Boud and Diana, waving Swastika flags. I shook my fist at them in the Red Front salute, and was barely dissuaded by Esmond and Philip, who reminded me of my now pregnant condition, from joining the fray.

The baby was born a few months after our return to England. She became the centre

of my existence. Esmond gleefully watched her grow, learn to smile.

We planned her future, growing up among the rough children of Rotherhithe Street, born to freedom and May Day parades, without the irksome restraints of nanny, governess, daily walks, and dull dances . . .

The Labor Party had established free health clinics throughout the East End, and to one of these I took her weekly for weighing and free cod-liver oil. An epidemic of measles broke out in the neighborhood, but the health clinic nurses assured me there was nothing to fear—a breast-fed child was immune to such illnesses.

Perhaps they did not know that immunisation can only be conferred by a mother who has had the disease; or perhaps, in that teeming part of London, it never occurred to them that a person might reach maturity without having had all the usual childhood illnesses.

In any case, they were tragically wrong. When she was four months old, the baby came down with a terrifying case of measles, and within a few days I had caught it.

Esmond frantically engaged nurses to look after us day and night; my temperature rose alarmingly, until I became delirious. I recovered to find that the baby was dying of pneumonia.

She lived on for a few horrible days, gasping for each breath under an oxygen tent. Nurses came and went, their standardised cheeriness concealing horror like a smile in a bad dream; then it was all over.

Esmond and I fled like people battered into semi-consciousness in a vicious street fight. He took charge of all our plans, drew out our savings, and the

day after the baby was buried we left for Corsica.

There we lived for three months in the welcome unreality of a foreign town, shielded by distance from the sympathy of friends, returning only when the nightmare had begun to fade.

We returned to Rotherhithe Street late in the summer of 1938.

"PEACE IN OUR TIME!" The huge black type quoted the Prime Minister's first words to the Press at the airport on his return from Munich. The incredible had happened: complete capitulation to Hitler's terms; a free hand for the Nazis in Czechoslovakia . . .

Conversation now dwelt, not on "What we'll do if war breaks out," but rather "What we'll do when war breaks out."

### To America

I had never seen Esmond so depressed and restless. If he reflected at that moment the despair of a generation that had lost control of its own destiny, he was not one to remain in despair for very long. Turning over and discarding possible alternative plans of action and modes of existence, the idea suddenly flashed upon him: we'd go and live in America until the war began.

Politics aside, two other elements had entered our lives which effectively tipped the scales in favor of emigration: the Process Server and my hundred pounds.

The Process Server was a pale, sad-looking youth in the employ of the London Electricity Board.

I felt guilty about the Process Server, because in a way I had been unfairly trapped into responsibility for his haunting presence. No one had ever explained to me that you had to pay for electricity; and lights,



NANCY, eldest and most talented of the Milford daughters, became a best-selling author.

electric heaters, stoves blazed away night and day at Rotherhithe Street. When the enormous bill first arrived we thought briefly of contesting it in court on the grounds that electricity is an Act of God—an element, like fire, earth, and air; but legal friends assured us this would get us nowhere. It was unthinkable that we should pay, so we moved out of the Rotherhithe Street house to a furnished room near the Marble Arch.

Somehow, the Process Server found out where we were staying. Obviously, life in England had become untenable, in more ways than one. Besides, on my twenty-first birthday I came into a great windfall, a trust fund of one hundred pounds, and we were casting

around for a suitable way to use it.

The sum of a hundred pounds seemed just the right amount for the purposes of emigration. It was neither large enough to start a business or invest for income, nor small enough to spend on a few parties and good meals out. Yet a third of it would purchase two one-way steerage tickets to America, leaving a nice round sum, over 300 dollars, at the prevailing rate of exchange, to live on for a while until we found work.

We sailed for New York on February 18, 1939, on the Canadian ship *S.S. Aurania*.

NEXT WEEK: American adventure.

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YOU SAVE WHEN YOU BUY THE BIG SUPERBATH SIZE





# Shadow of Guilt

By Patrick Quentin

**How could such a man have found his way into the closed circle of this rich, imperious family? . . . first part of a brilliant detective serial**

IT was about three in the afternoon when my wife called me at the office to say she had last-minute seats for some benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House that night. She'd invited the Rysons.

"I know Thursday's your late day, dear. But I do hope you can manage it."

I knew I'd have to go, but as I promised to get home early the all-too-familiar depression engulfed me. Another Thursday had to be sacrificed; once again I'd been done out of the few precious hours alone with Eve which now were the only things that got me through the week.

Eve came in soon with some letters for me to sign and I told her. She didn't make any fuss, of course. She was far more patient than I about the whole wretched situation.

She had tried even harder than I to keep us from falling in love, and, now we were stuck with it, it was she who insisted that we should behave as decently as we could until such a time when I could ask Connie for the divorce without causing too much havoc for everybody.

"Oh, well," she said, "it can't be helped, can it? It's not going to be much longer, anyway."

She gave a resigned little shrug. We had laid it down as an unalterable law never to kiss in the office. But as I looked across the desk at her quiet, ordinary face, which had become as essential to me as air, the need to touch her was suddenly far stronger than any admirable intentions. I went to her and took her in my arms.

"Darling, if you knew how it gets me down, lying, covering up, going home to her every night, making like the Model Husband and Father."

"I know," she said. "Of course I know. But it's the lesser of the evils. Oh, George, darling . . ."

She gave up her admirable intentions, too, then, clinging to me, kissing me, managing, as always, to make it bearable again.

The phone rang. It was Lew Parker, my boss at Consolidated Carbide. He wanted me in the Board Room. I went . . .

When I got home to the house on 64th Street, I found my wife sitting in her slip in front of the dressing-table in our huge bedroom. Everything in the house was far too big.

It had belonged to Connie's father, who had built up the vast Corliss Coal By-products combine, and when he had died seven years before, we had moved in. I had wanted no part of it.

Although I'd broken away from being just a courtesy son-in-law in the Corliss Empire and had started to make it on my own at Consolidated, it was humiliating to me to live in an establishment which was way beyond my income bracket. But Connie hadn't seen it that way.

"Dad wanted us to take it over, dear. And after all it seems rather absurd not to when we can so easily afford it."

She had said "we," of course. Connie was great on tact.

As I came in, my wife raised her eyes to the mirror behind the army of cosmetic jars and bottles.

"Hello, dear. I do hope this isn't a bore. We're meeting Mal and Vivien at the Met. Ala's out with Chuck,

but they're dropping in afterwards. It's all turned into a sort of thing for the wedding."

Her face lit up the way it invariably did when she mentioned Ala's wedding. Chuck Ryson was the son of her beloved older sister, who had died in a mental institution when he was a baby, and all her clannish Corliss love was centred on Chuck and his father, Mal.

Almost since the first day after my brother and his wife had been killed in a plane crash and my niece had come into our family as a baffled, rebellious little brat of ten, Ala's wedding to Chuck had been Connie's passionately pursued goal. And, being Connie, of course, she'd pulled it off.

My wife's hand was hovering over the jars. Connie always seemed to be unsure about her make-up and clothes. I could never understand why, because she was dazzlingly competent about everything else, running the house, being a super-conscientious mother to Ala, bullying her countless cultural and welfare committees.

What made it even odder was that she always ended up looking wonderful, anyway. Her cool, clean-boned face never aged. At thirty-five, she could have been twenty-seven. She was far more beautiful than Eve could ever be.

But, as she lifted her face for me to kiss and my lips brushed her cheek, which smelt faintly of cold cream, I felt no communication whatsoever, felt nothing, in fact, but depression and a resentment which was, of course, completely unjustifiable.

"George, dear, I'm wearing Mother's pearl necklace. What else should I slap on? You know Vivien; she'll be dressed to the teeth."

"What's wrong with the baroque pearl bracelet?" I said indifferently. I'd had it made for her at Cartier's five years before for our seventh wedding anniversary.

"The baroque pearls?" she said. "You think so? Well, maybe. I'll figure out something."

What she finally figured out was a thick armband of big matching pearls, which, like the necklace, was another Corliss heirloom . . .

It was up in Sherry's Bar in the first intermission at the Met that I noticed the young man. Connie and I and the Rysons were having drinks, Mal looking as elaborately unostentatious as only a big-shot banker can manage to look, Vivien blindingly chic in some of the Dior and diamonds which had been cascading her way ever since the long-widowed Mal had discovered her the year before as an obscure Hollywood starlet in some Toronto resort hotel.

It was because I was bored and restless that I noticed the young man, who seemed somehow quite different from the typical benefit audience around him. He was unusually good-looking, with very black hair, black eyes, and blunt black eyebrows emphasising the ruggedness of a face which might otherwise have been a little too movie-actorish.

But it wasn't his looks that gave him his individual quality. I was trying to figure out what it was — intelligence? animal vitality? — when he caught my eye and smiled. Then he was coming over to us, and the smile, I realised, wasn't for me, it was for Connie.

"Hello," he said. "This rather spoils my little gesture. Tomorrow morning you're going to receive a bouquet of yellow roses from a forgotten admirer. I got a raise today after only a month."

My wife was looking rather confused. Then, to my astonishment, her face sprang alive with pleasure. I say "astonishment" because I'd never in all the years of our marriage seen Connie show anything but a vague regal courtesy to young men of any description. On all levels she was Caesar's wife. That was one of the many reasons why the break was going to be so difficult.

"Well, that is good news," she said. "Mr. Saxby, I believe you know Mr. Ryson. This is his wife and this is my husband."

The buzzer buzzed then and we broke up, but in the second interval there was Mr. Saxby again. While we chatted, he watched Connie with unabashed admiration and Connie responded with an exaggerated vivacity which for her was almost coquettish.

Just as the buzzer buzzed again, she said, "If you're not doing anything, Mr. Saxby, why not come back to us for a drink afterwards? You know where we live, don't you?"

"I'd love to," said Mr. Saxby, "but does it have to be Mr. Saxby? I thought we were Don and Connie."

A faint flush came into Connie's cheeks. "Fine, Don."

As we went back to our seats, I said, "And who, pray, is Mr. Saxby, or should I say Don?"

Connie shrugged her normal remote shrug. "Oh, just a young man I was able to get a job for at the Keller Galleries. Mr. Keller's one of my art committees. I arranged an interview."

"But where did you meet him?"

"Where was it? Oh, yes, at some private view. He's a Canadian artist and it turned out he'd met Mal on one of Mal's Toronto trips. He hasn't been in New York long. I think he may amuse you. He's very intelligent."

"He's very attractive, too," I said.

"Yes," Connie shot me a quick glance out of the corner of her eye. "He is attractive, isn't he?"

As we settled into our seats and Verdi started again, it came to me with a faint shock of surprise that, although I slept in the same room with her every night, I had only the haziest notion any more of what my wife did with herself during the day.

Then the nag of being without Eve returned, obliterating everything else. What was she doing? Nothing, of course. Just sitting in her little apartment, resigned to the situation the way I would never be resigned, worrying about me, hoping I was being nice to Connie.

My wife was in the seat next to me. Her hand touched mine by accident. Very quickly she drew it away . . .

Mr. Saxby was a huge success at 64th Street. He managed to charm us all, and Connie in particular was positively blossoming by the time Ala and Chuck arrived.

Chuck Ryson was a good-looking kid who had inherited all his father's virtues and none, it seemed, of his mother's instability. He was doing fine in his father's bank and had been doggedly in love with Ala since his freshman days at Harvard. He was as sound a potential son-in-law as any parent could hope for, but that didn't prevent me from finding him rather a bore.



George and Connie Hadley were chatting to Mal and Vivien Ryson in the interval, when the handsome young man, whom Connie introduced as Mr. Saxby, joined them.



"Hi, George," he said. "Can you imagine? They're sending me to Chicago for two weeks on Monday. How can they do that to a guy who's being married in less than a month?"

I started to say something appropriate, but he turned inevitably away to glance across the room at Ala. I looked at her, too. My niece had become so pretty these days it was hard for anyone to keep his eyes off her. She'd found Don Saxby and was sitting on the floor with him beside Connie's chair.

The moment she saw us she waved us over.

"Chuck, George, you've got to meet this perfectly wonderful man. He knows all the big jazz performers and he's going to a party for Spike Tankerville next Tuesday. Imagine. The greatest trumpeter next to Satchmo. There's going to be a jam session."

Don Saxby's handsome, indulgent smile moved from Ala to me. "Spike's an old friend from Toronto, Mr. Hadley. Maybe, since Ala's such a jazz fan, she'd like to come along."

"You mean it?" Ala jumped up. "Honestly? How wonderful. And Chuck's off to Chicago, too. I was planning to die of boredom."

Her face was radiant, but at that moment Connie got up, too. She had on what Ala called her "boss-lady" look.

"It's very kind of you, Don," she said, "but I don't think it's quite the right sort of thing for Ala."

I might have known that would happen. For several years now there had been a constant conflict between Ala's reckless Hadley exuberance and Connie's rigid Corliss standards of what was and wasn't suitable for a "well-brought-up" young girl.

But as I noticed the faint, almost unattractive pinkness under my wife's cheekbones, I wasn't at all sure this was merely another manifestation of her "Mother Knows Best" routine. I felt surprised and exasperated. Was she, like a woman in a "sophisticated" movie, scared that Ala was going to grab her young admirer away from her?

"But, Connie . . ." Ala was glaring at her. Then she swung around to Chuck. "Chuck doesn't mind, do you, Chuck? You're not so square as to imagine meeting Spike Tankerville's going to Corrupt My Youth or something?"

Chuck looked very embarrassed. "Gee, Ala, of course not, but if Connie objects . . ."

"I'm afraid she does object," said Connie. "Very definitely. So let's leave it at that, shall we?"

That broke up the party. Ala marched out of the room leaving behind her an embarrassed silence, and in

a few moments they had all gone and Connie and I were alone together in the huge, feudal Corliss living-room.

Connie said, "Well, dear, shall we go on up?"

As usual, whenever I got to be alone with her, I seemed suddenly to feel that neither of us existed. I said, "I guess I'll have a nightcap first," and after she'd gone I made myself the drink and sat with the old familiar mixture of emotions — boredom, guilt, and my goading need for Eve.

In a few moments Ala came in. She hesitated, hovering by the door, and I could tell she felt as awkward as I. In the past we'd been indissoluble allies, but recently we seemed to have lost track of each other.

"George, I'm so sorry I made a fuss. Sometimes, though, I feel if she doesn't stop bullying me I'll go out of my mind."

Impulsively she crossed and sat down on the arm of my chair. "What's the matter with her, anyway? I'm marrying Chuck, aren't I? I'm doing all the right things. Why does she treat me as if I was a juvenile delinquent? Oh, George, dear, I'm mad to go to that party. Couldn't you fix it with her? Please?"

As her hand moved, shamelessly coaxing, over my hair, I remembered the blossoming look on my wife's face when

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Frank Becker



## Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 41



### What assurance to know you can give Bayer's Aspirin for Children with your doctor's blessing..

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Don Saxby had been sitting at her feet and along with the desire to make Ala happy came a perverse impulse to punish Connie for doing me out of my few priceless innocent hours with Eve.

"I'll fix it," I said.  
"Oh, George, you are an angel."

Ala kissed me enthusiastically and was off in a cloud of white taffeta. I turned out the lights and went upstairs to my wife.

Connie was in bed. She'd left the reading-light on and her face under the gleamingly brushed hair looked pale and young. As I took off my jacket, I felt a great disinclination to start a scene but I forced myself to speak.

"I told Ala she could go to that party."

My wife sat up. She was wearing a glamorous black nightgown. It was all wrong for a Corliss. "Oh, George." Her voice was tight with exasperation. "Won't you ever learn I'm not an ogre? When I keep her from doing something there's always a reason."

I sat down on the edge of my bed and started to take off a shoe. "For heaven's sake, she's nineteen. She'll be married in a month. What possible harm can it do?"

"For one thing there's Mr. Saxby. I hardly know him."

"Hardly know him?" I felt my heart thumping. "When you got him a job? When you appear to have been seeing him day in, day out for months?"

"But that isn't true. I helped him because I always try to help people when I can. But I've only seen him three or four times."

"It didn't look that way to me. It looked as if you had your head in a gas-oven over him."

Suddenly it had all gone wrong. We weren't arguing about Ala any more. We had slid on to far more unfamiliar and dangerous ground.

For a moment she sat looking at me. Then, in the same tight voice, she said, "Would it make any difference to you if I did have my head in a gas-oven about Mr. Saxby?"

"Well—do you?"

Her hands caught at the edge of the sheets. "You hated the whole evening, didn't you?"

"Please, for pity's sake . . ."

"All you wanted was to be back sitting there in your office reading reports. I saw the whole evening going to pieces. So when Mr. Saxby showed up, I—I thought he might help."

"Help? Help—how?"

"Just by being there. By being somebody new." Her voice came as a cry from the heart. "What is it, George? I try. You can't accuse me of not trying. What's happened to us? I don't understand."

Dimly I realised I could use that moment as a springboard to talk about "incompatibility" and lay the groundwork for the divorce. But I knew in the same instant that I couldn't go through with it. It wasn't just the feeling of guilt. It wasn't even cowardice.

Almost for the first time in years she'd given me a glimpse of what went on inside and with it a crippling realisation had come of the vacuum of loneliness into which, in spite of all her virtues, efficiencies, and

good intentions, she had managed to drift.

Whether she knew it or not, she was as anchorless as I had been before I met Eve—and she had no Eve.

I made myself go over to her and, as I sat down on the edge of her bed, an utterly unwelcome memory came of how it had used to feel years ago to be sitting on her bed, the excitement, the pride, the—what? The triumphant astonishment that I, just a little hick New England junior-junior executive in the Corliss combine, had been looked upon with favor by the boss' beautiful daughter.

At that time, she and everything surrounding her had seemed all a dazzle of wonder to me. A dazzle which I had naively, youthfully misinterpreted as love?

"Connie . . ." I put my arms around her and kissed her, trying not to think of Eve. For a moment she let me hold her, then she drew almost briskly away.

"I'm sorry. I can't imagine what got into me. It's terribly late, dear. We'd better get some sleep."

Her hand was pushing me gently off the bed.

"And, George, it's all right about Ala. I'll tell her in the morning."

I hated her capitulation to be as total as that. "But if you really think . . ."

"No, it'll be all right. I guess I'm too strict with her sometimes. Goodnight, George."

Next morning at breakfast a huge box of yellow roses arrived for my wife. When I left for the office, she was arranging them with expert efficiency in a large white vase.

Ala went to the party. Connie was all graciousness about it but then spoiled everything by waiting up for her and letting me know next morning that she hadn't got back until after three. "And almost drunk. Well, that's the last time I'll let her go out with that man." I paid little or no attention because by then everything about my life at 64th Street had become blurred into unreality.

All I lived for was the thought of Thursday, and finally, when I was almost at the end of my nervous tether, it arrived. Around six, after Eve had already left the office, I walked up Madison and across town in the Forties to her little apartment between Lexington and Third.

Eve lived in the shabbiest of brownstones, but she didn't give a hoot about luxury. After a poverty-stricken childhood, shackled by ailing parents and a delinquent kid brother, followed by an even drearier marriage to a peevish invalid in Bakersfield who had lingered on for four gruelling years, it was still an enormous thrill for her to be independent.

Oliver Lord, her husband, had left her twenty-five thousand dollars insurance money, and with that safely in the bank and her salary from Consolidated she felt secure, which was all that mattered to her.

The difference between her way of life and the Corliss one was as extreme as anything could be. Maybe that was one of the many reasons why, when I found her, I knew I had finally found myself.

Usually, for reasons of discretion, we'd eat a makeshift supper in her little apartment but that night both of us were seized with a need for recklessness and Eve suggested we should go around the corner to a French restaurant.

I was feeling an almost drunken exhilaration, and, by

the time we'd got to coffee, a huge contentment had spread through me. As soon as Ala was married, I could ask for the divorce. It would be a tough time for all of us, but it would work. Nothing could stop it now.

Improbably at thirty-seven I had found my love—simple love for a simple woman who had nothing to offer but the astounding fact of herself.

Her hand, very small and pretty, was lying on the table. I put my own hand on it.

"Where shall we go for the honeymoon?" I said.

I knew I was breaking every rule. We were both superstitious about tempting providence. But I didn't care, and as Eve turned quickly to me, her face warming with her wonderful, unexpected smile, I knew she didn't care, either.

"What's your mood?" I said. "Europe? Mexico? What about the Caribbean? Jamaica? Tobago?"

"Tobago!" As she repeated the word Eve's eyes were sparkling as if Tobago were the Elysian Fields. She looked about two years old. Our faces were almost touching. I leaned towards her and kissed her.

THAT was when I heard a voice saying, "Good-evening, Mr. Hadley."

For a split second I froze. Then I sprang away from Eve. Don Saxby was standing in front of the table.

Of all the people in the world I thought. But then I saw that his smile didn't have a trace of an "I've-caught-you-out" smirk. It was a friendly, even diffident smile.

"Excuse me," he said. "I was sitting across the room. I wouldn't have come over; but—well there's something I think you ought to know. Ala'll be here any minute. We've got a dinner date."

I glanced at Eve. I could tell she was wishing the floor would yawn and engulf her.

"Mr. Saxby—er—Don," I said, "this is Mrs. Lord. She works at my office. I mean, this is most embarrassing. It isn't . . . well, I think I ought to explain . . ."

"Please don't explain," Don Saxby shifted his smile from Eve to me. "I'm extremely uninterested in other people's business. Live and let live. There's an old Saskatchewan proverb."

As he spoke Ala came in and at once saw all three of us. She hesitated, obviously surprised, then she hurried towards us.

"Dad . . . Mrs. Lord." To my immense relief she seemed to find nothing odd about Eve and me being together. It was at Don she was looking. "What a catastrophe. We've been caught out."

"Caught out?" he echoed. "There was a ghastly scene with Connie after the party. I'm not supposed to see you again. If you knew the complications! I had to tell Connie I was going out with Rosemary Clarke. Oh dear."

She was watching me now, her young face half apprehensive, half coaxing. "George, darling, you're not going to rat on us, are you?"

Don Saxby was looking at me, too, and I was almost sure from the dark, friendly eyes that he represented no threat. In my relief and gratitude, I said, "Of course I'm not going to rat. In fact, let's have a drink and a little togetherness."

We ordered drinks and, as we relaxed and talked, I gradually began to realise something which made the intricate situation even more intricate.

Ala was crazy about Don Saxby, and I was practically certain that he was fascinated with her. He was mature enough, of course, to be able to play it cool, but Ala was too young to hide anything. It was in her eyes, her voice, even in the line of her neck as she turned to talk to him. She had never looked even remotely like this with Chuck Ryan.

Where do we go from here? I thought.

As though on cue Don Saxby said, "It's too bad Connie's suddenly turned against me. I can't really see why she should, but it's spoilt my plan."

He turned to Ala. "Remember that couple you met at the party—Tom and Marian Green? They were very taken with you. They're giving a big party up at their place in Stockbridge this weekend. They called this morning and wanted to know if I wouldn't bring you up tomorrow. Now I guess I'll have to put them off."

Ala looked at him, stricken. Then she turned to me.

"Oh, George, couldn't I go?"

"Hardly, if Connie objects to me," said Don Saxby.

"But, George, the Greens, they're frightfully rich and respectable, with a daughter at Miss Porter's, all the Connie things. I could tell her I was going out to Westport with Rosemary. Her parents are still in California. Rosemary wouldn't tell. Connie would never know. Oh, George . . ."

As I looked at my niece's flushed, pleading face, it suddenly dawned on me that I had never really come to grips with the great Ryan wedding, never really faced the fact that Ala was only nineteen, that she'd been pushed relentlessly for years towards an engagement which was resolving everything for Connie and, in a way, for me, too, but which was perhaps resolving nothing for her.

What was Chuck to her, anyway, when she could look at Don Saxby like this? Just Connie's choice? The good solid kid who'd worshipped her for years—the obvious future?

While her eyes remained level on me with wild hopefulness, Don Saxby said, "I'd hate to do anything Connie wouldn't like, Mr. Hadley. She's been wonderful to me. But . . ."

"Oh, George, dear," broke in Ala. "Please."

I knew next to nothing about Don Saxby, of course, although I hadn't seen anything which didn't seem admirable. But Don wasn't really the point. He could have been Joe Doukas or Ted Jones or Sam Smith.

What possible harm could it do to give Ala a chance for a little fling before Connie inexorably slammed the door of the wedding shut on her?

"Okay, Ala," I said. "If you really want to go . . ."

Soon afterwards I took Eve home. Having to leave her was even more of a wrench than usual—partly, I think, because the ambiguous presence of Don Saxby still seemed to hover. As I kissed her for the last time, desperately trying to make do until next Thursday, Tobago seemed suddenly a long, long way off.

I got back to 64th Street just before eleven. Connie had gone to Carnegie Hall with Miss Taylor, one of her committee secretaries, who adored her. They arrived soon after me. Connie very grand and formal, Miss Taylor looking dowdy and, as always, a little too grateful.

"Hello, dear," Connie crossed to my chair and bent to kiss me. An instinct, born of frayed nerves, warned me she was

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going to run her hand across my hair, one of her few demonstrative gestures. I was right. "I'm so sorry we're late. Have you been home for hours?"

"Not too long," I said. "I do hope you're not exhausted. Ala's out with Rosemary Clarke. Thank goodness she's got at least one sensible friend. Darling, do fix Milly a nightcap."

I fixed Miss Taylor her nightcap. Miss Taylor enjoyed her nightcaps. She settled down to it, babbling as usual about how wonderful Connie was.

Around midnight, Ala dashed exuberantly in. Soon, with a smoothness which impressed me, she said, "Oh, Connie, Rosemary wants me to go out to Westport with her tomorrow for the weekend. Is that all right?"

"Of course, dear," said Connie.

Soon Miss Taylor rose to leave and Connie went out with her into the hall. Instantly Ala swept over to me.

"George, darling, come up in about five minutes. Please." She ran out into the hall, calling, "Goodnight, Miss Taylor. Goodnight, Connie."

Connie came back into the living-room.

I said, "I'm beat. I think I'll go up to bed."

"All right, dear. I'll straighten up down here. I hate leaving a mess for Mary in the morning." I went upstairs and tapped on Ala's door.

ALA was still in the untidy stage. Not only were her jazz records scattered around the floor, there were all sorts of discarded garments strewn over chairs and tables. The chaos reminded me of how young she was—how absurdly young to be married in a month.

"George," she jumped up from the bed where she had been sitting next to a dreadful old wool elephant which I'd given her in the first year she'd come to us. Her eyes were round and shining with the wonder of everything. "Oh, George, you do like him, don't you?"

"Don Saxby?"

"He's the most marvellous man I've ever met. George . . . I think I'm in love with him."

Although I'd had every warning I felt an unaccountable stirring of foreboding.

"How does he feel about you?"

"How can I tell? He knows I'm going to marry Chuck. He'd never, never say anything." She came to me, putting her hands on my arms, her young face tragic. "George, what am I going to do?"

"About Chuck?"

"I never told you. I wanted to desperately, but something seemed to have happened between us."

"I felt kind of shy with you. George . . . I've never been really sure about Chuck. Oh, I like him; of course I do. I think he's good and kind and I know he's crazy about me. But . . . well, it was Connie really."

"Because she wants you to marry him so much?"

"It isn't that. It's just . . . well, this sounds like a terrible thing to say, but I felt I simply had to get away from her. I couldn't stand being bullied any longer and I thought if I did what she wanted and married Chuck at least I'd be free. That's really why I was doing it—to be free from her."

I'd known, of course, that Ala chafed under Connie's relentlessly Corliss guiding reins, but I'd never realised that she had felt as violently as this.

As I stood looking at her, feeling a mixture of tenderness and guilt, she said: "George, tell me. What am I going to

do? Marrying Chuck if I don't really love him—I mean, it's rotten to him, too, isn't it?"

"I guess it is." "But how can I possibly break it to her? When she's so crazy about Chuck—when all the wedding plans are arranged and everything? Oh, George, please. I can't . . . I simply can't . . . I'm scared of her."

Scared of her! I thought of how Connie would feel if she'd heard that. Once again, when I was least able to cope with it, a corroding pity came for my wife. Poor Connie, poor, admirable Connie, plodding on organising everyone for their own good.

Ala was looking at me desperately. "Please, George, you've got to help me. It's the most important moment in my life. It isn't just Don. Maybe he doesn't care a hoot for me. I'd be a fool to assume he does. But I couldn't marry Chuck any more—at least not yet. Not until I know . . ."

"Listen," I said, saying the only thing that seemed to be sayable. "Don't do anything now. Just let the weekend take its course—and, well, if you let Don know how you stand with Chuck, maybe it'll all resolve itself. Then, when you come back and if you're sure, you don't want to go through with the wedding right now . . . I'll explain to Connie."

"Oh, George." She hugged me. "I knew I could depend on you."

Ala went away for the weekend the next day, ostensibly to Rosemary Clarke's. I felt a little uneasy about it, but there it was. Usually there were all sorts of social things to cope with over the weekend, boring enough, but things that got Connie and me through somehow.

But that weekend, with a disastrous sense of timing, Connie had decided it would be nice for us to have a little spell in which to relax together. All Friday evening she tried to be sweet and cosy. She merely succeeded in making me feel a suicidal hypocrite.

On Saturday morning Lew Parker called. A Brazilian tycoon whom Consolidated had been wooing for their expansion programme in South America was unexpectedly stopping off in New York the next day on his way to California.

I handled most of the South American contacts; I'd even met this man on a business trip to San Paolo last year.

Lew wanted me to pick him up at Idlewild at eleven, drive him to his hotel, and bring him on to the Parkers for lunch.

"I could send Bob Driscoll, George, but this is important and you're the only one I can trust to give El Senhor the V.I.P. treatment. Hope you don't mind working on a Sunday."

"Of course not."

"And don't let Connie murder me. Send her my love."

Connie was completely understanding. She always made a point of putting my work first. We had a supposedly relaxed lunch together and then, around three o'clock, she had a phone call from which she came back smiling delightedly.

"It was Chuck," she said. "The poor boy, they're keeping him an extra week in Chicago, and he's so lonely for Ala he's flying back right now just for today and Sunday. He'll have to take a night plane out again tomorrow. Isn't that touching of him—to come all this way?"

I stood looking at her.

"He'll be here around seven," she said. "I'll call Ala this minute. There'll be plenty of time for her to get in from Westport." She started for the phone in the hall.

I said, "Don't call Westport, Connie."

## Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

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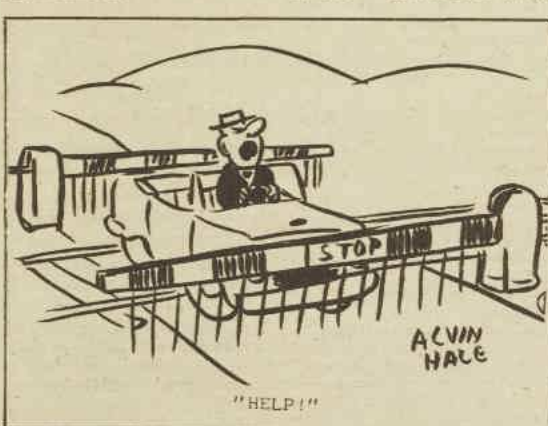
She turned. "Why ever not?" "Because Ala isn't there. Some people she met at that party invited her and Don Saxby for the weekend in Massachusetts. Ala was crazy to go and she knew you'd put your foot down. So I said . . ."

"I might have known she wouldn't make a scene. If only Connie had ever got mad and yelled at me, the barrier between us might not have grown so impenetrable. For a long moment she merely looked at me, her eyes very bright and scrutinising."

"So!" she said.

"It's hardly the end of the world," I said. "I simply felt . . ."

"Since you're so deep in this conspiracy," she cut in, "presumably you know the name and address of these people in Massachusetts?"



"It's Green," I said. "Thomas Green—in Stockbridge. They're all right, a daughter at Miss Porter's, all the okay things. But, Connie, she'll be enjoying herself. She can see Chuck tomorrow. At least let her stay on tonight."

"With people we don't know? With Don Saxby? Are you quite out of your mind?"

She turned her back on me and marched out of the room into the hall. I sat down on the arm of a chair. I could hear her on the phone in the hall. I couldn't hear what she said, but I could hear her voice's clipped, social timbre. Then there was silence, the clicking of her heels—and she was back again.

I had expected the same expression of outraged authority, but she looked shockingly different. Her face was falling to pieces.

"She's not there. They arrived last night, but they left today after lunch."

"Then they're probably headed home," I said.

"Home?" They told Mrs. Green they could only stay Friday night, that they had somewhere else to go. It was all planned. He's taken her off alone."

She came to me. She grabbed my arm. To me it was absurdly overdone, Lady Gwendolyn learning of her daughter's ruin.

"You fool," she said. "Suddenly trying to play the understanding parent. Look what's come of it. She's gone away with him. Don't you see? They've gone off together."

Whatever I was feeling, exasperation was uppermost—an exasperation which overwhelmed any sense of responsibility for what had happened or any real worry. Connie was still clinging to my arm. I half dragged her over and made her sit down on a gold-brocade couch.

"For heaven's sake," I said, "don't you have any confidence in Ala's good sense? Why shouldn't she go off for a while alone with a man?"

"With Don Saxby?"

"What's wrong with Saxby?"

Who introduced him into the household, anyway? And why shouldn't Ala find him interesting? He's about the only interesting man you've ever let her meet."

I was far too fed up to care whether this was the "right" moment.

"I know you love her, but she doesn't understand. You've always ridden her so hard. She thinks . . . heaven knows what she thinks, but because she was too scared to tell you about it all, she came to me. You know she hasn't run off with him or anything melodramatic like that. Obviously they wanted a little time to be alone, to find out how they feel."

"Maybe Don's the right man for her—she seems to be in-

telligent, honest, and decent to me—or maybe it's all just a flash in the pan. But whatever way it turns out, you wouldn't want her to marry Chuck unless she's absolutely sure, would you?"

My wife was sitting very straight on the couch, looking directly in front of her. "Don Saxby—the right man. A man she's only known for a few days, a man who hadn't even got around to looking for a job at twenty-eight, wandering down from Canada, playing around with being a painter. Your own niece, your adopted daughter—and you calmly hand her over to a man like that?"

I resented that dissociation of herself, that brushing off of Ala as "your own niece, your adopted daughter."

"Don Saxby was perfectly good enough for you, it seemed."

She turned on me fiercely. "I can take care of myself."

"So can Ala."

"Ala?" She rose and stood in front of me. "If you knew . . .! If you had the faintest conception!"

That was the moment when the Rysons chose to call. They came into the room, Mal in a dark suit, Vivien all mink and diamond earrings.

She glided over to Connie, kissing her effusively. "Darling, we're not going to take off our coats. We've just popped in for a second on our way to the Plowdens. Chuck called. Isn't it exciting? He said he was headed right here, so we thought we'd invite you all over for a lovely family supper party."

"There's something else, too," said Mal. "Something I felt I should come around and tell you in person. It's about that Mr. Saxby." Mal was studying

Connie solemnly as if she were a board meeting.

"As you know, I was impressed with him when I met him in Canada. I was even more impressed the other night. I thought I might be able to use him in the bank, so I wrote to my friend Reggie Fastwick in Toronto, purely as a routine check-up. The news I've received is rather disquieting."

Connie had moved to the window. She was standing there, examining her nails. "Just what's disquieting about it, Mal?"

"Reggie Fastwick's wife happens to know a great deal about him. It seems she has some friends in Toronto who have an eighteen-year-old daughter. Last spring, apparently, Mr. Saxby wormed his way into the family as a sort of protegee of the wife, and, before anyone realised what was going on, he and the daughter had eloped."

"Luckily, the parents managed to catch up with them in the nick of time, just as they were checking into a motel as man and wife. There was quite a scene. The girl was hysterical, wildly in love, and Saxby pretended to be very genuine and apologetic."

"But the father had him summed up. He told Saxby he could choose between their disowning the daughter or accepting a cheque for ten thousand dollars to leave the country immediately. He chose the ten thousand dollars."

Connie was still examining her nails. Vivien's silly, pretty laugh tinkled.

"Isn't it dramatic? Of course we can't be sure it's true. Whatever happened, it was all hushed up, and I've always thought that Mrs. Fastwick was a terrible old gossip."

"Reggie Fastwick is a responsible citizen," said Mal.

"I can't believe he'd pass on any information unless he was certain it was true. So, Connie, since in a way it was through me that you met him, I feel it's my responsibility to . . ."

IT went on from there, for hours, it seemed, but finally we got rid of the Rysons. Somehow we got out of the family supper party, too. I knew it was quite brainless to hope that Mal had been fobbed off with some idle rumor. It had, almost certainly, to be true. I saw what a disastrous fool I'd made of myself, and I was half nuts with worry for Ala. I wanted to call the police instantly, but Connie, icily level-headed, vetoed it.

"And have the whole thing spread across the front pages?"

"Then what about Chuck? He'll be here in a few hours. What are we going to tell him?"

"The truth," said Connie. "What else can we tell him? I said on the phone that Ala was at Rosemary's. He'll find out that isn't so, and he knows all her other friends. Besides, we can't lie about something as important as this. Just now you were being so high-principled about letting her make up her own mind. What about Chuck? If he's going to marry her, don't you think he has a right to know the sort of thing she's apt to do?"

"Apt to do!" I repeated. "She doesn't exactly do it every day of the week, does she?"

"Well, she's done it now, and it's hardly something you can hold me responsible for. Heaven knows, I've done everything I can to turn her into a . . ."

"Into a Corliss. A meek, priggish little consort for the Ryson heir-apparent."

We were glaring at each other. Then I remembered how little I'd bothered with Ala

lately, how thoroughly I'd left her to be Connie's problem.

"I'm sorry," I said. "My wife's eyes didn't relent. 'Being sorry isn't going to do much good now, is it?'"

Chuck arrived from the airport around seven. He came hurrying in with a brief-case, all blond crew-cut, grin and excitement. Seeing his blissful scrubbed young face, and watching it change as Connie told him, made my feeling of guilt and idiocy almost unendurably painful.

"But a guy like that . . ." Chuck looked as if he were going to throw up. "Connie, she loves me. I know Ala loves me. She couldn't change in a week. If this guy . . . He spun around to me, looking as nearly contemptuous of me as he dared to look. "You let her go. You've got to help me find her."

"How?" I said.

"Call these people in Massachusetts again."

"But, Chuck dear, they don't know." "No, Chuck, there's nothing we can do at the moment. Look, dear, you'd better just go home and wait. I wouldn't tell your father or Vivien, though. We don't want them worried unless we can't help it."

"Of course not."

"Just say Ala has a cold or something. Then when she comes, we'll call."

"But, Connie—please let me stay."

"Dear, it isn't likely she'll be back tonight, is it? In any case, it's better for me—for George and me to be alone when she does come, so we can get it all straightened out."

"Then—then if you don't call I'll be around first thing in the morning."

"Yes, dear." Connie kissed him. "Try not to worry too much. I'm sure it's all going to be all right."

When I awoke next morning Connie's bed was empty. It was just after nine. I shaved, showered, and dressed and went downstairs. Neither Mary nor the cook, Connie's doddering old Corliss retainers, worked on Sundays. I found my wife in the dining-room, sitting with a cup of coffee.

Without looking up at me she said, "You've only got about an hour if you're to be at Idlewild by eleven."

I'd forgotten all about the Brazilian tycoon. "I'll call Lew and get him to send Bob Driscoll."

"Lew specially wants you to do it, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Then go. What good can you do hanging around here? How would you get out of it, anyway? Call Lew and tell him you've been encouraging Ala to take off for the weekend with a . . . a . . .?"

She put her cup down on its saucer. "I'm sorry. I don't mean to go on like this. I . . . Just go. That's all. Go to Idlewild. If you want coffee, there's some in the kitchen. You can get me some more, too."

She held out her cup. I took it and went out with it into the hall. As I started towards the kitchen I heard a key in the lock of the front door behind me. Ala came in, carrying a little suitcase.

She looked maddeningly pretty, fresh and spring-like as a hyacinth, I could have strangled her.

"You little fool," I said, "what in heaven's name have you been up to?"

"But George . . ."

"Chuck came back from Chicago. Connie was going to call Rosemary, so I had to tell her everything. About you and Chuck, too. She called the Greens. They told her you and Don had gone off on your own."

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Ala remained totally undisturbed. "So she knows. That's fine. It makes it a lot easier." She smiled at me. It was a smile whose brilliant self-assurance was almost smug.

"George, dear, you were wonderful. If it hadn't been for you I'd never have had the nerve. Now it's all perfect. It's just the most incredible marvellous thing that ever happened. I told Don I wasn't sure about marrying Chuck, the way you suggested, and right away he let me know how he felt. He loves me. He's loved me from the first moment he set eyes on me. We're going to be married. Oh, George, I'm so grateful to you . . ."

She threw herself exuberantly against me. Connie's coffee-cup got dislodged from its saucer and fell, smashing against the parquet floor. Immediately Connie came hurrying out of the dining-room.

She stood in the doorway, looking diamond-hard and supercilious. Normally that expression on her face would have quailed Ala, but now, keeping close to me, with her hand on my arm, she returned Connie's gaze with an equally deadly composure.

She said: "George tells me you know. So there's nothing to argue about, is there? I've talked it all out with George and he understands. I'm not going to marry Chuck. I'm going to marry Don Saxby."

I knew I deserved this, but it didn't make it any easier. Connie said, "Just where were you and Saxby last night after you left the Greens?"

Ala gazed straight back at her. "In a motel. We registered as Mr. and Mrs. Saxby, but don't worry. We stayed up all the time, talking. It was my idea, anyway. It seemed the best way to make you realise there was nothing you could do about it."

Ala still had her hand on my arm, still blissfully assuming we were allies, but her eyes never faltered from their challenge of Connie's face.

"Don feels as bad about it as I do. And we finally agreed what to do. We decided I should come back right away and explain it all to you and to Chuck. Don hopes just as much as I do that you'll be sensible and let us be married in a civilised way. But I warn you. If you're not, there's nothing you can do. I'm of age. Besides, George is as much of a parent as you — more because he's a real uncle — and he isn't going to stand in our way . . ."

"Wait a minute," I began. But Connie interrupted.

"Since you and George seem suddenly so close, has he had time to tell you, among other items, what your Uncle Mal found out about Mr. Saxby? Do you know that last spring he tried to elope with the eighteen-year-old daughter of some rich people in Toronto?"

I'd expected that to throw Ala, but she merely laughed. "That!" she said. "A neurotic little girl who was crazy about him, who tried to trick him into running off with her. You think Don didn't tell me about that?"

"So he told you, did he?" said Connie. "Did he also tell you that he was only using the girl to get money out of the parents, that he let the father buy him off with ten thousand dollars?"

Ala glared defiantly. "That's a lie."

"Do you want to call your Uncle Mal? He'll tell you whether it's a lie or not."

"You think I'd pay any attention to Uncle Mal or any of his stuffy old cronies spreading malicious gossip?"

"That's enough, Ala," I said. "It looks as if it's true."

She spun around to me, the defiance ready for me, too.

"How do you know whether it's true or not? Have you called these friends of Uncle Mal's?"

Or the people with the crazy daughter . . ."

"No, I haven't, but . . ."

"You, too!" She turned back to Connie, her eyes gleaming. "I might have known you'd cook up something phony like this. You and the Rysons."

"Ala," I said. "Stop that."

She turned back to me. "And you — you're just as bad as Connie after all. All right. I did my best. I was prepared to come back, to get down on my knees if need be and grovel over what a fool I've been about poor Chuck. But if this is the way you're going to act, if you're going to make up stinking lies about Don — okay, fine. I've had enough. And I've been having enough for years."

Without looking at either of us, she swept past us and up the stairs.

I started after her.

"No," said Connie. "You've done enough damage as it is." The front-door bell rang. I was so close to it that I jumped. I turned and opened the door.

Chuck came in. He looked haggard and dishevelled, so utterly unlike the up-and-coming young banker that for a moment I hardly recognised him.

"She's come back, hasn't she?" he said. "I saw her. I've been waiting across the street in a doorway since six."

"Where is she?" he demanded.

He was glaring at us, wild-eyed and remote. For the first time he reminded me of his mother. She had looked like that when Connie and I had visited her at the sanatorium just before one of her violent attacks.

"She's just gone upstairs," said Connie.

"Can I go to her?"

"She's in quite a state, Chuck. I don't know . . ."

"Whether she'll see me. Why wouldn't she see me? She's engaged to me, isn't she?"

"But . . ."

"Okay, Chuck," I said. "Why don't you try?"

Connie turned to me sharply, but that was all Chuck needed. He dashed up the stairs.

I said "Look, Connie, Ala could be right about that girl. Vivien did say Mrs. Forstwick was a gossip. She could have got it all wrong or invented the bit about the money — anything. At least we've got to make sure."

"And just how do you propose to do that?"

"Call the Forstwicks, get the name of these people, and talk to them. There can't be more than one Reginald Forstwick in Toronto."

I GOT Mrs. Forstwick on the phone almost at once and, after she'd squawked a while like a parrot, she told me the name of the people. It was Duvreux. In five minutes I was telling Mr. Duvreux our problem.

He was clearly a weighty and responsible citizen. It was quite impossible to doubt his word. With a feeling of dull depression, I put down the phone.

"Well?" asked Connie.

"It's true," I said. "Don Saxby did take the ten thousand dollars. And that's not all. Duvreux checked up on him through private detectives. There was another earlier episode in Quebec."

"So," said Connie, "there it is. A very pretty situation, isn't it? I congratulate you."

As we stood assessing each other like enemies, Chuck came down the stairs. He was walking unsteadily, almost as if he were drunk. He didn't look at either of us. He was gazing straight in front of him.

"She's locked herself in her room. She wouldn't let me in. She just talked through the door."

"But what did she say?"

asked Connie.

"She says it's no good. She says she's never going to marry

me. She's sorry, she says. She'll explain it all later, but now

Suddenly he sat down on the stairs and put his hands over his face. The light from the hall chandelier played on his blond hair and the smooth, youthful skin at the back of his neck. To me Chuck had always been the very symbol of all that was stolid and unimaginative in good young boys. Seeing him like this was frightening. I felt disgusted at myself for my naive meddling and the disgust brought with it a deep rage against Don Saxby.

Connie dropped down at Chuck's side. She put her hand on his shoulder. She was all maternal warmth and tenderness as if he were a very little child who'd fallen and scraped his knee.

"Chuckie, dear, you mustn't worry. Please. She's in a silly, confused stage, but she's only nineteen. She . . ."

The phone rang shrilly. My wife glanced up at me, blazing eyed, as if it were my fault it had rung.

"Don't take it here. Take it upstairs."

I squeezed past them and hurried up the stairs to our bedroom.

It was Eve. Her voice, coming so unexpectedly from a totally different world, was like sunshine suddenly splashing across the room.

"Eve, Eve, darling."

"George, I'm sorry, but I had to call. Is it all right?"

"Of course it's all right."

"Don Saxby's just been here."

"At your apartment," I said.

"I don't quite know why. I suppose it was because he knows about you and me. He was terribly sweet. He seems absolutely crazy about Ala and he knows Connie's going to fight it. Apparently Ala's told him you'll be on his side, but he begged me to call you right away and let you know how much it means to him that you

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the situation to see what he had meant by that, but I saw. What he'd been saying so smoothly to her was: "Get George Hadley to okay the marriage or I'll tell his wife — and anyone else who's interested — that you and he are having a jorrid little boss-stenographer affair."

I should have realised, long before, that there was a trap. But it was only then that it came to me — then when the trap was almost closing around me.

For a moment a sickly, undermining fear took possession of me. I saw it all in the papers. Connie — the Consuelo Corliss — made wonderful copy. Readers of salacious gossip would gawp in delight to learn not only that Consuelo Corliss' daughter had spent the night in a motel with a man less than a

### FROM THE BIBLE

"I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

—Colossians 4, 13.

The Apostle Paul, after his wanderings and sufferings, has learned that he can be quite confident of being able to cope successfully with any task or situation when he calls upon Jesus Christ to give him the strength required.

month before her wedding, but that Consuelo Corliss' husband was having an affair with his secretary.

If he wanted to, Don Saxby could spatter mud over all of us. And what was to stop him unless I played it his way: everyone would know. Lew Parker would know. The whole Hadley family could explode into a scandal far worse than anything I had dreaded in my lowest moments.

Wouldn't I have to make some sort of deal with him? Pay him off after all — the way Duvreux had paid him off?

Connie came hustling in from the corridor. "George, it's almost ten. You've got to leave for Idlewild."

"I'm not going to Idlewild. I can't. Not possibly. Not now."

"Why not? It's far too late for Lew to send anyone else, isn't it?"

"I've got to see Don Saxby."

"Why? For what possible reason? We don't have to bother about him any more. Ala's back. The moment she's calmed down I'll make her see what a fool she's been."

"There's nothing she can do any more, anyway, and if he tries to get in touch with her again we'll just call the police. That's all."

She gave a little shrug. There it was. She'd got it all doped out. Everything was okay. There was nothing to worry about.

She went to the phone, called the garage and asked them to have the car around in five minutes.

I drove to Idlewild. Under the circumstances, there was nothing else to do. I picked up the Brazilian; I took him to his hotel; I took him on to Lew's. Cynthia Parker made some terrible rum cocktails she'd learned about in the Virgin Islands. They were, I suppose, as near to Brazil as she could get. We sat around interminably drinking them; then we sat down to an interminable lunch.

The Brazilian was very shrewd. My wits were at their

dullest because the panic was still there, slithering around inside me like a snake. I had to get to Don Saxby. I'd have to make some sort of deal.

After lunch we had brandies. The Brazilian got jovial. Lew already had a contract drawn up; it was very favorable for the Brazilian, and he knew it, but he was taking his time. It was a quarter to three before he finally came across and, beaming, announced he thought he should go back to his hotel for a little nap.

I drove him to his hotel in the Sixties, then looked up Saxby's address in the phone book. He lived just east of Fifth Avenue on 54th Street. I went back to the car and started driving.

What was I going to say? What was I going to do? When I reached 54th Street I didn't make the turn. Instead I went on driving. Somewhere at random way downtown I crossed to First Avenue and started uptown again.

I was almost at 54th Street when I thought of Eve. I'd planned on going to her after Saxby, but why not talk to her first? The moment I saw her I'd be steady again, I knew, and able to think coherently.

With an immediate lighting of mood I drove to her street. I left the car in the free parking space opposite her house and ran across into the drab hallway, getting entangled in the leash of an enthusiastic white poodle which was attached to a tall blonde. The moment I pressed the buzzer the door clicked. I ran up the stairs. Eve opened the door to me, wearing a coat.

"George! I was just going out to mail a letter. Thank heavens I didn't miss you."

"I couldn't get away any earlier. I've been at Lew's. Some Brazilian came to town. Eve, darling, I was going to Saxby's first, then I decided it was better this way."

I took her in my arms and kissed her as I'd been longing to kiss her all day. But there was no comfort in it, only the knowledge that she, too, would be touched by scandal unless I acted with the coolest and clearest head of my career.

"It's bad," I said. "Really bad. I was too much of a fool to realise when I was talking to you on the phone, but — don't you see? He's not going to take this lying down. He knows about us."

Still in my arms, she twisted around to look at me. "You mean he might tell Connie?"

"Why just Connie? What's to stop him calling some scandal sheet and giving them the whole lowdown? He's a professional. What he wants is money. He got it from the Duvreuxs. He's going to want it from us. Maybe he's got us where he wants us, too. Maybe I'll have to pay him off."

Her face, very close to mine, was pale, almost haggard.

I went on, "He caught us in that restaurant, didn't he? And, sucker that I was, I virtually admitted there was everything between us. And, then, he's already been to see you. You didn't realise it, but that's why he came — to let you know that if we didn't play ball . . . The anger, sour inside me, rose up. "Damn him. I'll have to go crawling. I'll have to . . ."

"No!" The word came explosively from her. "No, George, I won't let you. It's all my fault. If I hadn't come into your life . . ."

"Eve, darling."

"No, George, listen to me. It's true. I've always known it. I tried to dress myself up in my own mind, but it never really worked. I am exactly what Don Saxby and everyone else would think I am — just another sneaky little secretary trying to grab off the boss. Things were all right enough

between you and Connie until I came along. And now, because of me . . . George, don't pay him off. It's too humiliating — and once you started — what's to stop him going on and on? There'd be no end. There'd . . ."

"But, Eve . . ."

"No. Be sensible. He knows. All right. He can make us feel guilty about it because we are guilty. But it doesn't have to be that way. If we stopped being guilty, what could he do? And we can. I can go away. I can get out of New York City. Then all he has against you is that he saw you kissing some secretary who doesn't even exist any more."

I went to her. Although she started to struggle, I took her in my arms and held her. "But we love each other."

"What if we do? Does that give us an inalienable right to have each other, when it means wrecking your career, making things impossible for Connie and Ala? Think how we'd feel. We're not Romeo and Juliet. We're just a couple of people trying to be decent, and if we can't be decent, if it's all going to dwindle down into a little . . . little . . . then it's better to forget the whole thing. No, it's quite impossible. I'll call my sister. I'll take a bus to California and . . ."

SHE was still struggling in my arms and an icy dread far worse than any panic induced by Don Saxby invaded me. If I were to leave Eve . . .

"Darling," I said, "you know this is crazy. We have our whole future together. We can't throw that away now just to make a noble gesture. I don't give a damn about my job. I can always get another job. And as for Connie, I'm being a heel. Of course I am. I admit it. But we've been over that a thousand times. Nothing's any different."

"Of course it's different."

"All right," I said. "If you go to California I'll come right after you — throw up every-

thing."

"George!"

"I mean it."

The phone rang. With a violent movement she twisted out of my arms and went to answer it.

"Hello . . . yes, yes, that's right . . . That's . . . What? Suddenly her voice cracked.

"No," she said. "No, it can't be . . . It . . . Yes, yes, of course . . . yes, wait a moment, just wait a moment."

She put her hand over the receiver. She turned to me. Her eyes, gazing at me, had no life in them at all. The

looked blind.

"What is it?" I said.

"It's Ala. She's at Don Saxby's apartment. He's dead, she says. He's there lying on the floor with a gun beside him. He's been shot."

The phone in her hand hypnotised me. It didn't seem like an ordinary phone at all; it was a hieroglyphic symbolising disaster.

"He's dead!" Eve repeated.

"She says he's dead."

I glanced at my watch. Seven minutes past four. Wasn't that the sort of thing you had to remember? I went to Eve. I took the phone.

I said, "Ala, it's me, George." There was a choking sound at the other end of the wire.

"Ala," I said.

She spoke then. I could hardly make out the words. "I came. I just found him. . . . What am I going to do? Connie doesn't know I'm here and I can't call her. There isn't anyone but you. Oh, Mr. Lord . . ."

Ala hadn't grasped the fact that the phone had changed hands. The quality of panic in her babbling sentences came from the receiver like a poisonous vapor, infecting me.

"Ala," I said. "It's George."

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I'm here at Eve's. It's George."

"George?"

"Listen, I'm coming. Stay there. Don't touch anything."

There was a silence.

"You understand? Wait. I'll take care of everything. Just wait till I get there."

There was another silence, then she said, "Yes, all right. But come quickly. Please — quickly."

I dropped the receiver. Eve's hand clutched my arm.

"I'm going to get her," I said. But I'll be back. Heaven knows when, but somehow I'll get back. So be here. Understand?"

"Yes. All right. I promise. But — hurry."

We went together to the door. I ran down the stairs and across the street to the car. The traffic was desultory Sunday traffic. I was at 54th Street and Fifth Avenue in under ten minutes. I found a parking place right opposite Saxby's number.

Dead. Shot. I tried to make sense of it. Don Saxby died — murdered? The word I had been fighting to suppress had asserted itself. Don Saxby murdered — and Ala there.

I crossed the street. I went into the little hallway. No one was passing on the sidewalk. Even then I realised that was important. I saw Don Saxby's name on a card under a buzzer. Fourth Floor Front.

I tried the glass-panelled front door. It was locked. I hesitated, feeling emphatically the dread which would race through Ala when she heard the ring of the buzzer. I should have thought of that before, and arranged a signal ring so she could be sure it was me.

Then I remembered how one summer afternoon at the Cape years before, when Ala was a kid, I'd taught her to tap out her name in Morse. I spelled out A — L — A on the buzzer. Once and then again. There was a silence that seemed interminable, then the front door clicked. I opened it into the hall. The elevator was there on the ground floor. I took it up.

On the narrow landing of the fourth floor there were three doors. From one of the doors at the rear of the building there came the sound of a radio playing Spanish music.

I tiptoed to Saxby's door. I tapped softly. The door opened inward. I slipped inside, pushing the door shut behind me.

Ala was there, standing immediately in front of me. She was wearing a coat. Her face, framed in the fair Hadley hair, was shockingly different, stripped of all its pretty, indulgent young girl's assurance.

"Where is he?" I said.

"He's dead," she said. "Somebody's killed him. He's dead."

It was a seedy bachelor's room with haphazard bits of furniture and its walls painted mustard. I saw Don Saxby right away. He was sprawled on the grey cotton rug just under the mantelpiece. He was wearing a white shirt and dark-grey slacks. He lay on his back. One arm was flung up over his head, its clenched fingers resting against the base of a plant-stand from which a sickly yellowish philodendron trailed down. I crossed and looked at him.

The eyes, beneath the thick black lashes, were open. He looked horribly himself. There was even a vestige of the easy, affectionate smile frozen on his lips. In his neck was a wound, ragged and bloody. Another wound, staining the white shirt scarlet, was in the left side of his chest.

Two wounds. That's what I thought first as I stared at the open eyes, the small, amused smile. One shot tearing into the neck! a second shot in the heart.

I forced my eyes to move away from the body. I saw the gun. It lay on the carpet just under the frilly skirt of an old, over-stuffed chair with a sagging seat, gleaming theatrically like an object emphasised by

the cameras in a TV melodrama.

I turned back to Ala. She hadn't moved from the door. She was holding her hands tightly locked together over the middle button of her coat.

That was the first time I saw that she was wearing gloves — thick, black, knitted Norwegian gloves with a white figure, gloves I'd given her last year for Christmas.

Looking at her was terrible to me because it brought with it the realisation of how totally ignorant we are of other people — even people we love. There was nothing from the long years of our lives together to tell me: She's innocent. No instinct to prompt: She's your niece, your child. Of course it's inconceivable she could have killed a man.

I stood watching her, remembering her fits of sudden rage as a child, thinking with dread of what could have happened to her infatuation for Don Saxby once she had accepted the fact that she'd been to him only a commodity, a girl with money in the family, nothing more than that.

"All right," I said. "Tell me."

Her tongue came out to moisten her lips. It was a nervous trick I'd noticed in her before. It heightened the atmosphere of unreality.

"I . . .," she said. "I . . ."

There's nothing to tell. I just came."

"Why?"

"To see him, to find out . . ."

Connie said those things, all those disgusting things about Toronto. She swore they were true, that she could prove it. I wouldn't believe her, I had to come and . . .

She stopped.

I said, "And?"

"I came here. That's all. And — and I found him. He was lying there — just like that."

"He was?"

"Yes, of course he was."

"Then how did you get in?"

The blood came to her cheeks. "I have keys. He — he gave me keys last night in the motel, so I could always come, so . . ."

"You used the keys?"

"Yes."

"You didn't press the buzzer?"

"Yes. But — but he didn't answer and he'd said that sometimes the buzzer didn't work, so I used the keys and . . ."

"Give them to me."

For a moment she looked completely stupid. The awful feeling came: She's lying. She made up that story. She doesn't have any keys.

THEN she went to a table. Her bag was there. She picked it up, fumbled in it and held out to me two keys on a little chain. I took them and put them in my pocket, relief mingling with anxiety.

"So you let yourself in and . . ."

"I found him," she cut in passionately. "That's all. That's absolutely all. I came in and there he was — just like that, lying on the floor. I ran to him; I saw all the blood; I saw the gun. It's there, under the chair. I . . . I wanted to get away. That was all — just to get away."

"Then I — I was too scared to go out in the hall. There are people in the next apartment. I'd heard their radio. I — I don't know. It was just panic. I've got to get someone to help me. I thought, and — and the only person I could think of was Mrs. Lord. I looked up her number in the phone book. I — I called her and . . . and then, well, that's it, that's all, that's . . ."

"With your gloves on?" I said.

She watched me blankly.

"You looked up Eve's number in the book and dialled the number with your gloves on?" I said.

She glanced down at her

## Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 44

hands. "I suppose so. I don't really remember. I . . ."

She could have dialled that way, I thought. When you're in a panic you can do things which would seem impossibly clumsy under other circumstances.

Suddenly my normal instincts were re-established and it astounded me that I could have permitted myself even to half suspect her. Of course she had done what she said she had done. How preposterous to connect criminal violence with Ala, who had never got nearer to criminality than a traffic ticket.

I said, "Ala, listen. Did anyone see you come?"

"No, no."

"You're sure?"

"Yes. There was no one on the street. No one in the hall or the elevator."

"And you've never taken your gloves off since you were here? You're sure?"

"Yes, yes. I'm sure now."

"Okay."

I moved back to Don Saxby. I knew it might be enormously important later that I had used my eyes to take in whatever there was to take in. His left, shirt-sleeved arm was thrown out towards the empty fireplace.

For the first time I noticed that there had been a fire in the grate — not a real fire, but, from the curled heap of black ash, it was obvious that someone had been burning something — probably paper.

My eyes moved back to the body and, as they did so, I saw a glistening fragment on the carpet by the left arm. A piece of glass. I saw another and then another, and then a much larger, jagged piece with a handle attached, clearly the handle of a cocktail shaker. So he'd been holding a cocktail shaker when he'd been shot.

I dropped down, bending over him.

Yes, there was a little cut on one of the fingers of his left hand where the smashed glass had nicked it. And, close to the wrist, the shirt was sticking to his arm, outlining its contour.

Cautiously, I touched the material. The whole area of shirt around the forearm was still slightly damp and there was the familiar, sickly smell of gin.

I got up, making myself study the room. There wasn't any disorder, no sign of a struggle. There was the phone, and there was the phone book open on a magazine-littered table. I went over to it. The exposed page was in the Ls and, by chance, Eve's was the name printed at the top of the page: Lord.

I slammed the book shut as if leaving the page open would not only expose Ala but endanger us all. Anything else? I went into the bedroom. It was dark and dismal. Flung down on the unmade bed were two large open suitcases, both of them fully packed.

Surely, he couldn't have taken all that with him to Massachusetts for the weekend.

Had he then not been unpacking but packing again? Had he been planning to make a getaway? Suitcases, papers burnt in the fireplace, surely . . .

In the bathroom I found nothing. Just a wrinkled yellow bathmat and a red towel thrown down on it, a cluttered washbasin, a clammy plastic shower-curtain.

I went back to Ala. Something had happened to her in the few moments of my absence — a kind of delayed shock. The waxlike look had gone. Her face was contorted with terror. The instant she saw me, she ran to me, clinging to me desperately.

"George . . . oh, George . . ."

I held her tightly, trying to soothe her. "It's okay. It's going to be okay."

"But they'll know — the police. They'll find out about yesterday, about me and Don, about — about all the things Connie said. And, when they know I was here, when they know how he — he fooled me . . . what'll they think? What will they do?"

"They won't do anything, because they won't know."

"Won't know?"

"You didn't think I was going to call them? Why? What good would it do? You don't know anything. You can't help. Listen, honey, I'm getting you out of here. He's been killed, but it doesn't have anything to do with us. What do we know about him? Or how many people wanted to get rid of him? It's none of our business. Just be quiet. If we can get out without anyone seeing us . . ."

She was all right again, suddenly, almost astoundingly calm. She looked at me for one moment from blue, almost wary eyes. Then she smiled the incredulous smile of a little girl realising the dreaded punishment isn't going to come after all.

Vaguely I had thought I would feel some compunction. I had never consciously done anything before which flagrantly broke the law. But now this seemed the most natural thing in the world. I was, I suppose, getting used to this new life where it was our wits we needed rather than our ethics.

I took a last look around the room, as unmoved by Don Saxby as if he'd been a sack of cement. No, there was nothing, surely, to show that Ala had been there.

I went to the door and opened it a crack. The radio music still blared from behind the closed door of the neighbor's apartment. What about the neighbors and the shots? Had the radio drowned out the noise? Or had the neighbors just been New Yorkers about it? Didn't that sound like shots? Just a car back-firing, baby.

The elevator was still at our floor. Turning, I beckoned to Ala. She slipped out with me into the corridor. I closed the door and tried it. It had locked itself. I drew back the door of the elevator and we rode down to the hall. No one was there.

Ahead of Ala I moved out on to the steps. A couple of people were strolling towards Fifth Avenue on the other side of the street, paying no attention to anything. That was all.

In a few minutes we were in the car, driving towards Madison. It was twenty minutes to five.

I had got her away, but this, of course, was only the beginning. When Don Saxby was found, the police would certainly trace a connection between him and my family. There would be interviews, questions, detectives to be outwitted.

Now that the immediate danger was by-passed, I felt an enormous exasperation with Ala. The little idiot, blundering about, threatening us all with catastrophe!

She was sitting very close to me in the car, reminding me poignantly of the tense child who used to sit tightly wedged at my side when we drove to the beach on summer weekends, while Connie laid down the law.

"Ala, dear, do sit up straight . . . No, darling, it's quite absurd to want any ice-cream."

Connie! I thought. Connie, the Great Raiser of Children, Connie, Mrs. Boomerang.

For a while neither of us said anything. Then when we were headed up Park Avenue, Ala turned to look at me with shy awkwardness.

"George, I'm so terribly sorry, I mean, about getting so mad with you this morning, about everything."

"That's okay."

"And you were right, weren't you — you and Connie? I mean, Don must have been what you said he was. And that's why somebody killed him. Somebody we don't know — somebody with no connection with us."

"I suppose so."

"What a fool I was. And how awful I've been to poor Chuck." She paused and then added explosively, "George — please, George, don't tell her. I — I couldn't face it, not if she knew I'd been there. There'd be no end. She'd go on and on. Oh, please, George."

There had been too much happening for me to think about Connie's reaction. How, in fact, was my wife going to take it? Wasn't it just possible that, with her rigid canons of behaviour, she would go civic-minded on us? Of course we must tell the police everything. Of course it's Ala's duty as a citizen . . .

Then I thought: If we tell Connie, I'll have to admit I was at Eve's. How could I explain that away? Something about the Brazilian? Could I say there were some letters I had to dictate? Would that sound convincing? Or rather, would I be able to make it sound convincing?

I began to see all the intricacies with which I would now have to live. It was an octopus situation with tentacles stretching in every direction.

I turned to Ala. "Is there any way we could keep her from knowing?"

"Of course. It couldn't be easier. She doesn't even know I left the house."

"She doesn't!"

"After you'd gone, she came up to my room. She made me let her in. She brought me something to eat, and she went on and on about the Duvreuxs, and how Don wasn't in love with me; how he was only a crook trying to get at the Corliss money."

"Finally I couldn't face any more of it from her. I simply had to go to Don and find out the truth myself. But I knew that she'd never let me go to him, so I just pretended to be tired. I begged her to go away so I could sleep."

"And then, after she'd gone — when it seemed to be all right — I just tiptoed out of my room, locked the door behind me, and slipped out of the house. She didn't see me. She wasn't anywhere around. She must have been in the library doing the 'Times' crossword puzzle, the way she always does on Sunday."

She put her hand coaxingly on my knee. "So — don't you see? When we get home, I could just sneak up to my room without her knowing, and then — well, just come down again."

If we could get away with it, that would make it all much simpler. "All right," I said. "Fine."

"You mean it? Oh, George, you are wonderful. But then, there's something else, too, isn't there? There's Mrs. Lord." She shot me a quick glance. "How lucky you happened to be there. But she's all right, isn't she? I mean, we can trust her?"

I thought of Eve waiting in that cramped little apartment, torn with anxieties for me. And not only that. She'd promised me not to think any more about leaving, but I knew her so well. She would be thinking about it. Her conscience would still be goading her, even more powerfully now that this disaster had struck.

An awful panic stirred in me that I'd never see her again, that even now she'd be packing, calling a taxi . . . I felt my hands, on the wheel, sticky with sweat. I'd have to get back to her.

"George, we can trust her, can't we?"

"Yes," I said.

We'd reached the house then. As I looked out at its majestic Corliss facade I thought I saw Connie in a downstairs window. It wasn't Connie; it was just the white lining of the living-room curtains, but a bitter resentment came, a resentment which I knew was merely an inversion of guilt.

Now I'd have to be deceiving my wife two ways, not just about Eve, but about Ala, too. Ala and I would have to launch our private lie and once it was launched . . .

I parked across the street. I said, "She mustn't see you. Get down in the car. Stay there. I'll go in first."

I got out of the car, crossed, went up the marble steps, and let myself into the hall. There was no sign of Connie. The living-room door was open. I glanced in. She wasn't there, either. Almost certainly Ala was right. My wife was in the library at the back of the house. I went upstairs and then down again. I beckoned to Ala from the front door and she hurried over to me. We crept upstairs together. We reached her room. She opened the door with her key.

"We've made it!" She flung her arms around my neck. "Oh, George, dear, everything's all right now. You go and find her and I'll just come down in a few minutes. I'll be sensible and ashamed. I'll say I've realised she was right about Don and about everything. I'll admit what a fool I've been. I'll apologise. And she'll never know."

She was smiling exuberantly as if it had all become a sort of game to her instead of a nightmare in which the man she was supposed to have "loved madly" had been murdered in the most entangling of circumstances. I looked at her with baffled incomprehension. Did the young recover as easily as that?

I found Connie in the library which had been her father's pride. Connie used it as a sort of shrine, withdrawing there to tap out her directives to her committees. Also on Sunday afternoons she sat there doing the "Times" crossword puzzle.

When I went in she was sitting in a red-leather chair, her clean, gleaming head bent over the "Times" magazine section. She had her reading-glasses on and a silver pencil in her hand. She glanced up with composure.

"Hello, dear. Who was a goddess of war in seven letters beginning with B?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," I said.

I knew that she was totally ignorant of what had happened in Don Saxby's apartment, but she wasn't ignorant of all the turmoil and drama which had been going on in our house before I left for Idlewild. Her habit of reverting to normalcy the moment circumstances made it even remotely possible had

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## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and Captain Pierce have led an expedition to Mount Arat in the Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snowman. On one of the slopes they found what appeared to be Grecian columns, and Mandrake glimpsed

a strange figure. He chased the furred creature into a cave just as an avalanche stopped the cave entrance. Pierce thinks Mandrake is buried, but Mandrake is following the Yeti along a tunnel through the earth. NOW READ ON:



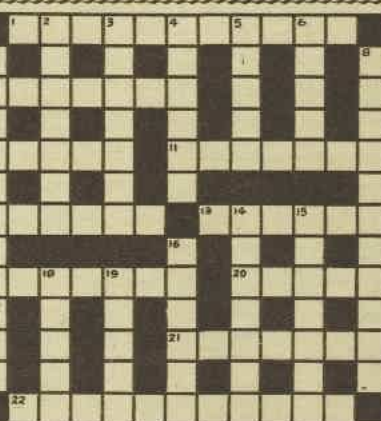
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Place for scientific watching (11).
- Short excursion to permit one of a set of three (7).
- Young male attendants out of a book (5).
- Flower which is liable to hide nothing (7).
- Give help as short sister does (6).
- Weak point in a man's character made of bile (6).
- Celt aid (Anagr., 7).
- Rated exchange of commodities (5).
- Wildly treated the importance of being so (7).
- Blockheads (11).

ENORMITY SNAP  
A T I A H A I  
R E T O R T S O F T E N  
N E E M O U T E  
E A R S D A N T E R E D  
S I N E A T  
T H E R S D R I L L S  
M P S S Y  
S I B I L A T A B L E  
I R O R P R W  
F L A I R A R I Z O N A  
T C E I N A R  
S H E D O N E S I D E

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Card games across waters (7).
- Tinless (Anagr., 7).
- Organs essential to life (6).
- Its rules are rough and practical (5).
- Royal lager (5).
- They help to reach a higher point of view (4-7).
- Battles which lead to unions (11).
- Riot on a lake in North America (7).
- Fill up with energy a bare cup (5, 2).
- River for a master (6).
- A colloquial excuse for a Bali bigamist (5).
- Dealing with moral questions (5).

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I'M FIGHTING FIT  
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always annoyed me. Now, in my state of acute tension, it was infuriating.

I sat down opposite her. "Are you sure you don't know, dear?" said Connie. "A goddess of war beginning . . . Oh, well, never mind."

She dropped the pencil, put the magazine section down on a table and took off her glasses. "Well, how was it at Lew's?"

"Okay," I said. "I've talked to Ala. I'm sure she's going to be sensible. She was tired, she said, so we won't disturb her, but when she comes down you will talk to her, won't you? She's got some silly stubborn thing about accepting it from me, but she'll accept it from you."

"All right," I said. "I am glad it all worked well at Lew's."

There it was. She'd established just any ordinary Sunday afternoon. She started to tell me how disgracefully low the education standards were in some parts of southern California. She must have been reading about it in the magazine section. She was still talking about it when Ala came in.

I'd been dreading the moment, but I needn't have. Connie seemed more awkward then Ala, who, with glibness, put on a flawless performance of the contrite young girl.

In half an hour I'd "talked" to her and Connie had "talked" to her and that was that.

"Well," said Connie when it was all over, "I must say it's a relief that you're being so sensible, dear. Now let's have a drink and celebrate."

We had a drink. Then we had supper prepared by Connie. It was exactly as if Don Saxby had never existed in our lives at all. After supper we all sat around in the living-room being so damn normal that I could have yelled.

It was almost nine o'clock when the phone in the hall rang. Connie got up to answer it, but I, with a jittery premonition that it was Eve, jumped up, too, and managed to get to the hall ahead of her.

I picked up the phone. "Darling," said Vivien Ryson. "Darling George — it's nine, you know."

"Nine?" I said.

VIVIAN'S laugh tinkled. "Really, darling, I suppose that did sound rather enigmatic, didn't it? What I mean is—tell Chuck he'd better rush right over here if he's going to pick up his brief-case and make his plane. I do think he's been a little naughty to spend the entire day with you. He knows how much it means to Mal to have a teeny bit of father-son goings-on."

The laugh did its tinkle again. "But don't bawl the poor boy out."

I'd never given Chuck the slightest thought since I'd left him sitting on the bottom step of our stairs that morning with his face hidden in his hands.

Chuck — to whom Connie had, "on principle," told everything, Chuck who had been

so frighteningly broken by the news, Chuck who hadn't been with us since nine-thirty in the morning and who apparently hadn't been at the Ryson's either.

I said, "But, Vivien, he's not here. He hasn't been here since morning."

"But that's crazy, darling. He only came back from Chicago to be with Ala."

"I know, but . . ."

"Then where has he been?"

"I don't know. Wasn't he home at all?"

"Not for a moment. And he got up at the crack of dawn. George, darling, is something wrong between him and Ala?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Last night he seemed terribly strange. Even Mal noticed it. And then, getting up so early and not being with you . . . But, George, his plane leaves at eleven and there's his brief-case with all his papers and things."

"He must have decided he can leave them behind."

"How most extraordinary. Really, George, it is a bit odd. He was so strange last night, most peculiar. Right after dinner he disappeared for ages. Finally I went to look for him and he was in Mal's and my bedroom, sitting on my bed."

"It seemed so odd. I mean, why our bedroom? Why not his own? I was worried. I really was. Well, I suppose it's just some lover's tiff. He's bound to call later. Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye, Vivien."

"I won't tell Mal. You know how he is. Love to Connie."

"Yes."

As I put down the receiver, my thoughts jittered around Chuck. I forced them into control. It was stupid to worry, of course it was. He wouldn't have gone home, anyway. He'd been broken up, miserable. He wouldn't have wanted to face his family. He'd gone off somewhere by himself to a bar or to a movie or . . .

I picked up the receiver again and quietly dialed Eve's number. She answered right away.

"Call me back," I said.

I dropped the receiver and almost immediately her call came through. I knew they could hear the phone ring in the living-room.

"Yes?" I said. "Yes? Okay. Sure. I'll be right over. In fifteen minutes."

I hung up. When I went back into the living-room, both Connie and Ala glanced up.

"What on earth was all that?" asked Connie.

"It was Vivien," I said, "and Lew."

"Vivien?" said Connie.

"What did Vivien want?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. "She was just exercising her vocal chords — as usual. But I'm afraid Lew wants me to go right around. Something's come up about the Brazilian, something we've got to straighten out before morning."

Ala was watching me brightly as if she had seen through me, but Connie just smiled her usual, understanding wife smile.

"At nine o'clock?" she said.

"You poor dear. Well, it can't be helped, I suppose."

In less than twenty minutes I was with Eve. From the first second that she was in my arms, nothing mattered any more. I told her everything, but it was just a story, something that could have happened to somebody else, for the thought of her leaving me was now as unthinkable to her as it had been to me. If I needed her, it was with me she would stay.

It was as simple as that. The

## Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

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magic had come, our magic which brought its miracle, obliterating the old festering guilt about Connie, transcending anxiety and fear—even time.

"George, it's eleven."

"It can't be."

"It's eleven. You must go."

"No, darling. No—not yet."

"Yes, darling."

"But it's all right again, isn't it?"

"It was never wrong. I couldn't ever have left — not when it came to the point. I wouldn't have had the courage."

"We'll wait. We'll go on waiting and everything will get cleared up."

"Yes."

"They're going to find him. Tomorrow probably. It'll be in the papers. It'll all begin."

"But Ala's safe. There's nothing else that's really bad, is there?"

Chuck? "No," I said. "Then let it begin."

It began on the afternoon of the next day. Eve brought the "World-Telegram" to my office after lunch. There was a paragraph on the middle page. It wasn't much. It merely announced that Donald Saxby, an employee of the Keller Art Galleries, had been discovered dead in his apartment that morning by his cleaning woman.

He had, the paragraph said, been shot twice. The gun from which the shots had been fired had been lying beside the body. That was all.

While Eve stood behind me, I looked at it uneasily. Thousands of people all over Manhattan were glancing at it right now, giving it a bored second, moving on to something else. But there it was. Donald Saxby, employee of the Keller Art Galleries. Mr. Keller . . .

The phone rang. Eve picked it up.

"Mr. Hadley's office . . . oh, yes, just a moment." She looked at me warningly. "Connie," she whispered.

I took the phone. I knew what was coming even in the fraction of a second before my wife's voice sounded, taut and edged.

"George, have you seen the afternoon paper? My wife went on without waiting for my answer: 'George, please. Keep calm. Whatever you do, don't lose your head. It's Don Saxby. He's dead.'"

"He's been found in his apartment," said Connie. "Shot. Twice. Twice, George. Someone must have killed him."

It wasn't hard to sound rattled and sounding rattled. I knew, would do just as well as sounding surprised.

"Killed?" I echoed.

"It's only a little paragraph. I just happened to see it. George — what are we going to do? Don't you see? It mentions the Keller Galleries. Mr. Keller will tell the police I got Don the job. They'll come to us — and what are we going to do about Ala? We can't tell them the truth. How can we? George, can you get away now? Please."

"Of course."

"Make some excuse for Mrs. Lord and everybody. Don't let her know. Don't let anyone know. Just come home right away. We'll have to think."

I was home in twenty minutes at exactly twenty-past three. Connie was waiting for me in the hall. There was no longer any indication of lack of control. She looked even handsomer and more capable than usual.

Ala wasn't there. With incredible frivolity, as it seemed to me, she was having lunch and spending the afternoon with Rosemary Clarke. My wife hustled me into the library. She hurried to her desk, picked up a neatly folded newspaper and

brought it to me, making me read the paragraph.

"Don't you see?" Her grey level gaze was fixed on my face with her overbearing committee look. "The police are bound to know he was an — an acquaintance of ours. But that's not all. What about those people in Massachusetts? The Greens? What's to stop them calling the police and letting them know Ala and Don were there for Friday night?"

There was, of course, nothing to stop the Greens. It seemed inconceivable that I hadn't prepared myself for that.

"So," said Connie, "there's only one thing to do. He's dead. It doesn't matter who killed him. Anyone might want to kill a man like that. It's nothing to do with us. But we've got to think out a story and stick to it — you, me, and Ala. We've absolutely got to. If it all came out about Ala, it could ruin her whole life."

As I looked at my wife, I thought how invariably I got her wrong. Connie wasn't going to be civic-minded at all. All that civic-mindedness was reserved for juvenile delinquents, museum directors, and slum-property owners.

To her this was a family affair. All her clashes and tensions with Ala were forgotten because Ala was a Corliss, even though a pseudo-one, and for the Corliss Connie would fight as relentlessly and unscrupulously as old Charlie Corliss himself.

"Listen," she said, "I've thought it out and I'm sure it'll be all right. Thank heavens, we don't have to worry about the time he was killed. Sunday, I mean. We both know Ala was here in the house all day. Of course, she was locked in her room most of the time, but we don't have to tell the police that. We can just say she was here for the whole day, and you and I and Milly Taylor can prove it."

"Milly Taylor?" I said. "Was she here?"

Connie gave a little impatient shrug. "Didn't I tell you? After you'd gone to Idlewild, I called her."

"I knew she probably had nothing to do. I invited her for lunch and we did the crossword together. She left only a few minutes before you came back. So that's settled. There's just the other thing—the trip to the Greens."

Just the trip to the Greens! Nothing more than that! I thought: If only she knew. She went on, making it into a neat little pattern like one of her agenda.

"Now, this is what I've decided. We'll have to rehearse Ala, of course, when she gets back. But, listen, George. We have to admit she and Don went to the Greens on Friday. We can't get out of that. But we can say that she just knew Don slightly, that she met the Greens at some party and the Greens invited them both to Massachusetts. They went but Ala got bored. She asked Don to bring her home. We'll say Don brought her home Saturday evening and that was the end of everything."

She paused, watching me rather severely. "Why should the police have to know there was this—this crazy infatuation? Or that ridiculous motel episode? What possible need is there? Can't we do it that way? Isn't that all right?"

Although it was taking a terrible chance of being found out later in a lie, it was, I supposed, as all right as anything could be. At least, it would have been except for one thing.

I said, "What about Chuck? Where was he yesterday? I didn't tell you, but when Vivien called last night she said he hadn't been home at all."

"He—Chuck . . ." Suddenly

Connie looked completely different. The skin of her cheeks had gone a greyish white. "George, are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Then where . . . where was he? What . . . ? George, you don't think . . . you can't . . ."

She took a quick step towards me and grabbed my arm. "Why in heaven's name didn't you let me know earlier? I told him to go home. I made him promise. I never for a moment . . ."

She broke off abruptly because Mary had come in. She stood by the door, straightening her terrible Corliss maid's cap on the messy grey bird's nest of her hair.

"There's a gentleman to see you, Miss Connie," she said. "He says he's from the police."

It had, of course, to happen then. In a way it was more alarming right in the middle of our planning than if he'd arrived before we'd even started. And then suppose Ala came home while the policeman was still here. If she barged in unrehearsed! How could I have been such a moron as not to have anticipated this and got some sort of story straight with her?

Connie and I looked at each other gauntly.

"What about Ala?" I said.

"She didn't say when she'd be back. She might . . ."

"Tell him you aren't in."

"Yes," Connie spun around to Mary. "Tell him I'm not here, Mary. Tell him you don't know when I'll be back. Say . . ."

She must have heard the footsteps a fraction of a second before I did, for she stopped. We both turned to the library door as a man walked in, a tall, youngish man in a neat grey suit.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I hope you'll excuse me for following the maid in like this."

He smiled. It was a pleasant — much too pleasant — smile and his face, composed, with very bright, intelligent eyes, wasn't like a policeman's face at all. It was — what? A priest's face, perhaps? A face which would have gone with one of those quiet, ascetic monks painted by Zurbaran.

He was looking at Connie. "Mrs. Hadley?"

"Yes," said Connie.

The eyes — were they blue or grey? — turned to me: "And Mr. Hadley?"

I nodded.

"I'm Lieutenant Trant," he said, "from the Homicide Division. I'm lucky, Mr. Hadley, to find you home so early from work."

There was nothing ominous in the way he made that remark, nothing on which I could put my finger, but suddenly I realised that "outwitting the police" wasn't going to be at all the sort of thing I'd expected it to be. Let it begin! I remembered the carefree way in which I'd said that last night when Eve had been in my arms.

Lieutenant Trant was looking around the room, summing it up and summing us up, I felt, through it.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that I've come on a rather unpleasant mission."

To be continued

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